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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE converging German move on Warsaw overshadows every other event of the war. It continues, though not quite at last week's alarming rate of progress, and the Russians are proving their ability to make a stubborn and gallant resistance. It must not be forgotten that, for the first time in this war, they enjoy the advantage of good communications. They are fighting in their own area of concentration, and it is well provided with strategic railways. The Germans, on the other hand, are advancing not only with few railways, but almost without roads. Their prospects have this week improved perceptibly only on the northern front. They have successfully crossed the Narew, in spite of its many marshes and four or five fortresses. Though the Russians counter-attacked at several points with good results, they failed to recover their Narew lines, and the Germans are now fighting hard for the area between the Narew and the Bug. Warsaw stands at the confluence of these two rivers with the Vistula, and it will hardly be tenable, if the Bug is crossed on its lower reaches.

MEANWHILE, the attack proceeds from the south and west. The Russian lines through Blonie, across the angle of the Vistula's bend, are still intact, though they are being heavily hammered, especially on the Russian left near the river. Lower down, the fortress of Ivangorod is making a stout defence of the bridge. But

the Germans, as we read the news, have reached, or almost reached, the west bank of the Vistula, below Ivangorod and above the Blonie lines, near Gora Kalwaria. If they can throw a pontoon bridge across it here the effect would be as serious as the crossing of the Bug. Either achievement would mean the isolation of Warsaw. It is a ring fortress, which ought to be able to stand a siege; but the news from Russia, which may have official inspiration, states that stores are being removed, and bids us expect its early evacuation.

WHAT seemed for a time to be the main Austro-German advance, under Mackensen and the Archduke Joseph, from the south between the Vistula and the Bug against the Lublin-Cholm railway is the least prosperous of the enemy's enterprises. The fighting continues in this area, back and forward over the same ground. The Germans must find the problem of supply inordinately difficult in this roadless desert, and they are said to be worn out by fatigue. Of this area one can only say that the Germans have not yet cut the railway, though they are within artillery range of it, but neither have they been thrown back. At the two extremities of their immense Eastern line they are making more progress. The Austrians, with German aid, have crossed the Upper Bug in Galicia and Sokal. In the Baltic provinces, where great bodies of German cavalry are opposing weak Russian forces, they aim at two objectives, the capture of Riga, and the cutting of the Kowno-Vilna-Petrograd communications.

THE moving point in the French line is still the advance guard, which is steadily pushing its way, trench by trench, and hill by hill, into Lower Alsace. The advance over the Vosges seems to be converging on the little town of Münster, which it approaches from the north on the heights two miles away, and from Metzeral, four miles to the south-east. Important positions in this northern approach have been won this week on the Linge heights, with two hundred prisoners. The German news admits this defeat. The Münster valley, on which the French are slowly descending, is the open road to Colmar. Further to the north, in the Vosges, in the Ban de Sapt, positions have been carried with 800 prisoners. Elsewhere, though there has been continual desultory fighting, there is nothing of moment to record, and events on the British front have been confined to the explosion of some trench mines. Our best news is from Mesopotamia. Our advance up the Euphrates now reaches Nasiriyeh, about a hundred miles above Kurna and the confluence with the Tigris.

THE Italians are now seriously engaged in their main attack, which is, as everyone anticipated, against the Isonzo lines that bar their advance to Trieste. There was a general assault on Monday upon the whole Carso plateau, where permanent Austrian defences link up the heights of San Michele and Doberdo, and make a continuous wall eighteen miles long between Gorizia and Monfalcone. The Austrians state that seven corps of Italian infantry (say 280,000 men) tried to break through.

They did not break through, but some important positions were taken on San Michele, and part of these gains were maintained, and have been held against counter-attacks. The Italians report the capture of 3,200 men and 100 officers. The Austrian news is eloquent over the fact that they still hold the line which they elected to defend two months ago. That is substantially true, but the line is wearing thin in places, and the progress of the Italians is no slower than other experiences of trench warfare would lead us to expect.

* * *

THE Prime Minister, in moving the adjournment of the House to September 14th, and rejecting the Harmsworth agitation for a shorter recess, or no recess at all, gave a review of the year of war in a spirit of determined optimism. He praised the press for its self-restraint, while markedly excepting from his eulogy "one or two melancholy and notorious exceptions." His general line was, to quote his own words, to give no encouragement to the "faint-hearted" or to "back-biters" "who do what they can to dishearten our Allies and to encourage our enemies." The chief points of hope which he enumerated were Russia's "indescribably gallant" efforts; the steady progress of Italy; an undiminished confidence in the result of the siege of Gallipoli; the complete success of our Fleet, now far stronger than at the beginning of the war, in keeping flowing the stream of our food and raw materials, enabling us to "laugh at the scare of invasion," and in stopping the submarine menace from inflicting "substantial injury" upon our trade; the "highly satisfactory" condition of recruiting; and the immense enlargement of our product of munitions. Could there be a greater calumny than to suggest that the people responsible for these achievements had not risen to the height of the occasion? The Prime Minister added a word of advice on the necessity of maintaining our manufacturing industries, and of sparing our stock of gold by using paper for small payments.

* * *

SIR HENRY DALZIEL proposed an adjournment for four instead of six weeks in a speech which Mr. Bonar Law described as criticism which did no good. The motion fell without a division. Later on, a very small group of Liberal conscriptionists raised a debate (also fruitless) on compulsory service, without, so far as we can gather, contributing a single fact to support it beyond Mr. Wedgwood's improper suggestion that, if we did not introduce conscription, France, on whose soil now stand some six or seven hundred thousand of our soldiers, might be tempted to make a separate peace without consulting us. Doubtless, if our press picture this country as filled with selfish laggards, both France and Russia may be tempted away from such association. Mr. Llewelyn Williams, in an answering speech of singular power and grace of diction, asked whether any country or any age had ever presented such a spectacle as the enlistment of three million volunteers before a single invader had trodden the soil. "Suppose," he asked,

"England had been invaded by a foreign foe; suppose the fairest parts of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire were in the hands of the enemy; suppose London had almost been invested; how many men from any Continental country do you think would have volunteered to come forward to help this country?"

* * *

In marked contrast to the Prime Minister's line of thought was Mr. Lloyd George's sketch of the conditions and prospects of the war made to a mass meeting of mine-owners and workers at the London Opera House. Mr. George insisted that the party spirit of the nation

had divided it into two new sects of "Big Endians" and "Little Endians," a "blue-sky school" and a "grey-sky school." For him, the sky was "mottled." Personally, we should have said that Mr. George's sky was a heavily-clouded one, but we wish he would relieve it of one earth-born shadow—that of conscription; for the suggestion of the speech is still that of force. Mr. George almost taunted the voluntarist with saying: "It is more glorious to die a free man than to live in bondage." That is a queer reproach to lie in the mouth of a Welsh patriot, and it is not in any case a fair point to make against a nation that has given 3,000,000 of its best sons to the war in eleven months, that is to say, in Mr. Belloc's reading, has supplied four-fifths of the maximum of what a conscriptionist country could provide as the final fruit of its system. Mr. George's speech was full of vivid and fiery phrases, and its full effect, perhaps, is that of stimulation. But just as Gladstone said of a brilliant colleague, "I ask myself, has he common sense?" so we ask ourselves of Mr. George, "Can he learn?"

* * *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE made a statement on Wednesday in the House on the subject of the work and preparations of his department. He explained that the first duty of the Munitions Ministry had been to speed up the existing contracts, and to supply labor and machinery for armament firms that had been unable to carry out their contracts. Machinery was deficient, and of those machines, about four-fifths were not working at their full capacity for want of labor. The Department had increased the labor strength of these establishments by 40,000, half of them skilled workmen. They had enrolled 100,000 munition workers, but they would be lucky if they got the use of a fifth of them, for very many were doing urgent work at the present time. For the future, the department had taken steps to produce rifles, machine guns, and shells, dividing up the country into co-operative areas; but they were reserving a good deal of the available shell power for a special programme. They had also set up sixteen national factories, and they had placed all the great machine tool makers in the country under direct Government control. In addition, as the result of the conference recently held in France, they were going to set up ten great national establishments for the purposes of a special and important programme on which the French and the British Ministers had agreed. The Department would also have an Inventions Branch on the lines of Lord Fisher's Department in the Admiralty.

* * *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's review of the enterprises of his department gave a necessary impression of energy, but he made one grave statement which gives rise to serious reflections. He stated that in spite of the agreement with the trade unions, the workmen persisted in the habits of peace time, that men were deliberately doing less work than they could, and that the old jealous lines of demarcation were still being observed. If only they would renounce these practices, the output would be improved by about 25 per cent. From whom does Mr. Lloyd George obtain this estimate? It is clear from the speeches of Mr. Hodge and Mr. Goldstone that the Advisory Committee specially set up to help in discussion and deliberation on such questions, has not had these facts presented to it. Why not? Surely the first duty of the Munition Department, on receiving such a statement, is to refer it to the trade union leaders whose business it is to advise the Government. Unless this is done, we are merely put off with the reports of employers, which may be as misleading in this case as they were in

another case when Mr. Lloyd George was proved to have given them much too credulous an ear.

* * *

It is possible, of course, that investigation will give substance to charges that cannot be accepted so long as they are merely one-sided statements. If this should happen, what is the moral? Surely that nothing short of eliminating the private employer will get rid of the atmosphere of the industrial system. A number of men are asked to make concessions which would be prejudicial, perhaps fatal, to their interests and their future if they made them to their employers. Mr. Lloyd George himself recognized that. Their leaders undertake to recommend these concessions on the ground that the nation is in danger, and that the Government have promised that the concessions are only for the war. But all the time the employers are there, making, in spite of the limitation of profits, larger profits than usual, and it is possible that men in practice will not consent to work themselves out so long as they are enriching their employer, and so long as they feel that their employers may be in a position to insist on the concessions being continued after the war. The only remedy is to put these establishments into a new atmosphere, to make the workmen national servants and eliminate profits altogether.

* * *

We cannot pretend to think any treatment of the question of coal prices satisfactory which stops short of public control of output and distribution. The Government's Bill was deficient, even for the modest purpose for which it was designed, and we pointed out last week that it was a farce to bring in a Bill to limit prices, just after the normal time for making contracts, and then to exclude contracts from its scope. This anomaly has now been removed. Mr. Runciman has amended his Bill, and made it applicable to coal for domestic use or for public institutions contracted for since April. In the debate on Tuesday, at which this amendment was made in the Bill, Mr. Runciman announced that some of the largest coal merchants in London had told him that, if occasion arose, they would open coal shops in the poorest parts of London for the supply of coal in small quantities. Mr. Dickinson pressed for the fixing of a maximum retail price by the Board of Trade. Mr. Runciman could not agree to this, but he said that he had made arrangements with some 200 merchants who had promised not to raise their prices beyond a certain point above pre-war prices, and that he proposed to publish their names in a white list.

* * *

Our casualties on land and sea, excluding the 700 killed and wounded in South-West Africa, now amount, according to the Prime Minister's figures, to a total of 330,995. This figure practically covers the first year of the war, for it carries us up to July 18th and 20th. The gravest fact is not so much the total itself, as the rate at which it has increased. In seven weeks, since the last figures were issued, the addition amounts to 59,379. The average weekly loss is therefore 8,482. At this rate a year's casualties would amount to 441,000, but the rate itself must go on increasing with our forces in the field. The casualties are still in the proportion of one killed to three wounded, and the missing (who may be prisoners) are roughly equal in number to the killed (61,384). The loss in officers amounts to 14,428, but among them the proportion of killed is higher, being roughly one killed to two wounded. The distribution of the losses is, in round figures: France, 266,000;

Dardanelles, 49,000; Naval, 9,100; other war theatres, 5,700. The losses in the Dardanelles, where a force at the outside one-fifth of that in France, has been engaged for a third of the time, are out of all comparison the heaviest. A man in that campaign runs about three risks to one which he would face in France.

* * *

THE text of the American Note to Germany was hardly less firm than the forecasts. The climax to a grave argument was a warning that any repetition of acts in contravention of neutral rights, when they affect American citizens, will be regarded as "deliberately unfriendly." German comment on the Note has grown more and more hostile as the week went on, and the view is taken in Berlin that America has set a veto on the whole submarine campaign. We do not so read the Note. It admits that sea law must adapt itself to changing conditions of warfare (which, by the way, is our defence of the long-distance blockade), and it suggests that in the last two months the methods of the submarine campaign have been so adapted. The meaning of this seems to be, in plain words, "Don't murder," or, more explicitly, "Don't sink a ship till the passengers are safe." If this is what is meant, the surrender of neutral rights is very serious. Thus, an American ship, the "Leelanaw," carrying flax from Archangel to Belfast, was sunk off the Orkneys on Sunday; but her papers were examined, and her crew taken off and carried into safety. Washington in such cases asks only for financial compensation. The same procedure has been used to fully half-a-dozen Scandinavian ships, carrying wood to the East Coast. The vessels were destroyed, but the crews were allowed to go. If this is the maximum which American action has secured, it means something for humanity, for already 1,572 persons on British merchant ships, and 22 on neutrals have been murdered. But it is somewhat ironical to go on talking, as the Note does, about "the freedom of the seas."

* * *

THE agreement between Bulgaria and Turkey is perhaps the most serious political event in the East since the fall of M. Venezelos. We watch the attitude of the United States with deep interest, but in a military, if not in a moral sense, the doings of Bulgaria are of vastly greater importance. The news that Turkey has agreed to cede the strip of territory in Western Thrace through which the railway runs from Adrianople to Dedeagatch, is undoubtedly accurate, though the agreement may not yet have been signed. Mr. Bourchier telegraphs to the "Times" from Sofia his belief that Bulgaria has given no binding pledge in return for this favor. That may be literally true, but Turkey does not give away territory and railways for nothing, and she has made this concession in the belief that she will at least secure Bulgaria's neutrality in return for it. Mr. Bourchier may be right, in the sense that no Balkan Power is bound for ever, even by the acceptance of concessions. Roumania during the first Balkan War definitely sold her neutrality for a slice of Bulgarian territory, and the bargain was formally struck under Russian auspices. That did not prevent her in the Second War from tearing up the agreement and marching on Sofia for the sake of securing a still bigger slice. Bulgaria has suffered by such methods, and she may not in the future be too nice to use them herself. But for the present it looks as if she had been "squared" by Turco-German diplomacy.

* * *

[Next week we shall publish an article by Lord Haldane on "Democracy and Organization."]

Politics and Affairs.

A NEW MORAL WORLD.

"All of us, even those who at the beginning were the keenest for the fight, now only want peace, our officers as well as us. Convinced as we may be of the need to conquer, enthusiasm for the war does not exist for us. We do our duty, but our souls are suffering. I cannot tell you the suffering we endure."—*A German Soldier to a Swiss Professor.*

"The longing for peace is intense with us. At least with all those who are at the Front, forced to kill and to be killed. The newspapers say that it is not possible to stem the warlike passion of the soldiers. They lie, knowingly or unknowingly. Our pastors deny that this passion is abating. You cannot think how indignant we are at such nonsense. Let them hold their tongues and not speak of things they do not understand. Or, rather, let them come here, not as chaplains in the rear, but in the line of fire, with arms in their hands. Perhaps then they will perceive the inner change which is going on in thousands of us. In the eyes of these parsons a man who has no passion for war is unworthy of his age. But it seems to me that we who are faithfully doing our duty without enthusiasm for the war, and hating it from the bottom of our souls, are finer heroes than the others. They speak of a Holy War. I know of no Holy War. I only know one war, and that is the sum of everything that is inhuman, impious, and beastly in man, a visitation of God and a call to repentance to the people who rushed into it, or allowed themselves to be drawn into it. God has plunged men into this Hell in order to teach them to love Heaven. As for the German people, the war seems to be a chastisement and a call to contrition—addressed first of all to our German Church."—*The Same.*

"No end, no end to the war, which for six months has been swallowing up men, treasure, happiness! This feeling is the same with the others [i.e., the French, with one of whom, an officer, he reports a touching conversation]. Always the same picture: we are both doing the same, we are suffering the same, we are the same. And that is precisely why we are such bitter enemies."—*Letter of a Lieutenant of Landwehr killed in Champagne.*

THE opening of a second year of European war, without prospect of an early or even a visibly approaching end, puts a term to hopes of a widely different character. The aggressive Power looked for a short campaign in the West, a rapid occupation of Paris, and a successful assault on Russia, followed, after a crushing victory or two, by an easily negotiated peace. These staff plans have miscarried, and those who conceived them are in the best position to realize all that their failure involves. The defending or resisting Powers indulged in no such rosy calculation. They had not, like Germany, made the arithmetic of conquest the great mental pre-occupation of their governing minds. They knew what war with a people organized for destruction must mean in its duration and in its severity. But they cannot have foreseen—no mortal man could have foreseen—what it meant to let loose on the world a virile race, trained to devote reason and organization to the service of anarchy and madness.

Still more acute is the disappointment of those hopes and beliefs of mankind which are the possession of no single people, but live in all bosoms not wholly

possessed by egoistic cares and illusions. The idealists who never expected to see another European war must now realize that, when once it happened, it was bound to be a sustained and fearful ordeal. This is the first war of nations, that is, of organized communities, able to devote all their wealth and knowledge to the science of war, and therefore to develop an unheard-of destructiveness. We must therefore aim at making it the last, for two such blows can never be struck without bringing the house to the ground. It cannot be ended to-morrow; but neither, we think, can it drag out into a seven or even a three years' war. Even a two years' campaign implies that the national armies must return to deeply impoverished communities, in which religion, social relationships, the means and distribution of wealth, the laws, habits, interior organizations of the peoples, will have sustained devastating changes. In what mood will they return? Not, if countless witnesses be true, rejoicing in the pomps and triumphs of war. Pomp there is none; triumph, in the sense of spoil or accretions of wealth and dignity, will be equally lacking, for we have all been spoiling each other. These armies are not formed merely of the military castes. They are the peoples, suffering with and for those they have left at home.

We should expect to find the clearest expression of this disillusionment in the German soldiery. It can, indeed, be read in the poignant letters from the more intellectual and sensitive types of German officers and soldiers which M. Romain Rolland has collected in a Swiss journal, and some of which we reproduce at the head of this article. Many of these indignant or sorrowful voices are now silent. Many more will be stilled before the war is over. They utter the lament of youths whom their elders have laid on the altar of sacrifice. Middle-aged Europe decreed this war; her young men are waging it, bearing on their shoulders, like one more sublime Victim, the iniquities of us all. The tragedy is that the German soldiers and officers who write these despairing letters are the executors of ideas which they realize will have as evil an issue for them as for us. They expect the knife, knowing, like Iphigenia, that the fate it threatens is an evil one. Such experiences exhibit the moral force of mankind at issue with its physical energies, or powerless to assert itself against the directing will. From that contradiction either a worse hell will befall Europe, or she must attain the conception of a new moral world, and arrange a political constitution to suit it.

The conflict, therefore, can only be useless and irrational if it results in the victory of militant Teutonism. It cannot really end in a "draw," for there is no stale-mate in ideas. The really fatal issue would be that "science" should be able to wreck civilization, which, being the combination of the religious, artistic, industrial activities of man, depends on a variety of gifts contributed by all the peoples, great and small, not on the dominance of one, and that the least original, though the best organized, of all. Here lies the true battle. The German idea of civilization is essentially that of its great modern historian, Mommsen, who insisted that it demanded the "suppression of races less capable of, or less advanced in, culture by nations of

higher standing." This is a clear proclamation of an age of perpetual wars. It justifies the destruction of the weaker or more stagnant nations by the stronger or more rapidly developing ones. It would have made it right for the England of 1860 to crush the Germany of that period, just as it is the excuse of the proud self-sufficient German "culture" of to-day in regarding the backward, but infinitely promising, Slav power as its mortal enemy. Such a theory makes each nation the judge of its own right to possess the earth, or rather to dispossess the "unfit."* Savage peoples merely disappear before it. Small (and therefore unsuccessful) nationalities must either bow the knee or go under. We need not be so uncritical as to pretend that this megalomania is exclusively German. It is the sin of materialism, the heresy of an Imperial age, forgetting its Christianity, and taking a leap back to Roman Caesarism. There is no master-nation. There is no one key to "culture." Each is the servant of all, and association is the one true word for European statesmanship.

It is for this reason that we urge with all our force that if we abandon our British idealism all is lost for Europe and ourselves. Why should we? The world is going our way, not Germany's; it wants not more force but more liberty, and it will want more and more of it after the war. Wars do not exist for war's sake; they exist for peace; and peace itself rests on some stable settlement of national wills, in accordance with the new ideas and the changing political habits of mankind. Therefore, even if Germany were to win this war—which she cannot—she would be beaten in the end by the fact that her will was out of harmony with the growing world-will and the coming world-order. And, on the other hand, the British, and French and Russian and Italian boys who are fighting and dying in the trenches, are not mere nationals; they are soldiers of humanity, if humanity, as we moderns understand it, is to have any chance at all. "What would happen to the armies," writes a woman correspondent, "if a million women were to rush in between them?" Well, the armies would at least be reminded that half the world expects to live out its life on far other conditions than in the year of terrors that has passed and the year of terrors that is to come. Exhaustion will not in itself produce this change, for all the world will not be exhausted, nor the rivalries of young, ambitious nationalities in Eastern Europe and of the Empires that patronise them. It is through its faith that the world can attain salvation; not through its knowledge, which is the knowledge of death and evil, or through its power, which will in a few months give place to the weakness of a little child.

* How far this theory of the moral irresponsibility of the State goes may be judged by the "Cologne Gazette's" defence of the "holy duty" of sinking the "Lusitania." Here is civic Jesuitry raised to the greatest danger-point for mankind:—"It was necessary that drove us to pursue the submarine warfare. And for this reason we had to destroy the 'Lusitania' in order to save the lives of thousands of German soldiers. That was our holy duty. We base that deed on the claims of the higher humanity which is the foundation of every national life. What appeared inhuman to the Americans was, in our opinion, and in the higher sense, humanity. Also in the Christian sense every man must obey the authority which God has placed over him. National self-respect demands that a State shall not lay aside its holy duties, even if their fulfilment seems to involve harshness and cruelty. Would that the Americans could grasp this conception of humanity."

THE FINAL TEST OF STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

In the year during which the war has lasted, many reputations have been broken, some have been made, and most pre-conceived notions have had to be revised. The German grand strategy, which (at least) civilian opinion most feared, failed in the first six weeks of the war; whereas, in absolute military efficiency, which was little considered, the German army has proved itself the most formidable instrument in the field. In mobility, in willingness to take risks, in discipline, in momentum of attack, the German army has shown itself second to none. The Russian army, which of all Continental troops traditionally takes longest to defeat, has shown itself capable of a speed of manœuvre not generally expected, and its leading has manifested the broadest and most flexible grip of strategy. The French army, while showing its traditional *élan* and gallantry, has proved itself capable of a steadfastness which certainly the Germans had not expected; but it has also given evidence of something which makes it probable that the commander whom the Germans fear most, a strange revision of their pre-war opinions, is the French Generalissimo Joffre. It is a happy retribution that the only original strategy of the war should be that of Joffre, and it is at once as subtle as it is safe. He has worn thin the German line at numerous critical points, so that when he decides to attack, he can select where he will break through. If he should choose to apply a considerable force to each point, the line would probably break into a number of sections, and this would mean not retreat but disaster. The Vosges, Les Eparges, Perthes, are three of these points; and they have another value besides this virtual snipping of the enemy line into sections. At the first sign of any attempt to mass a great force to attack the Allied line at any one point, an offensive opened immediately at several of the prepared positions puts the German line into so hazardous a state generally that the enemy is compelled to disperse his concentrated forces. This is simply to say that the French in the West, owing to Joffre's strategy, have recovered the initiative. And there is no reply to this strategy. The points at which Joffre chooses to wear his opponent's line thin are carefully selected as so important that they cannot be lightly lost; but when the Germans make the inevitable counter-offensive they find an extraordinary concentration of artillery and machine guns, which makes the recovery of the lost ground so expensive a proceeding that it has generally to be abandoned. At one point—Soissons—through a number of fortuitous circumstances, the Germans not only recovered the ground, but seized positions held for some time. But that is one glaring exception to the latest example of Moltke's dictum as to the strength of the tactical defensive combined with the strategical offensive.

The use of machine guns is of the nature of a new tactical development which may have its effect upon strategy. This is a point in which the Germans showed undoubted foresight. For defensive action, the machine gun has proved so deadly an instrument that the rifle, which, since the Boer war, had been judged supreme, may find its position taken by the Maxim. Certainly, a very

few men with machine guns are competent to deal with any attack, however vigorous, and this opens up the possibility of a new disposition of forces. The front line may be lightly held as to numbers, and the second and third line be reserved for the bulk of the troops. Such a disposition gives greater capacity and elasticity for counter-attack. But the key to this position, as to so many others in the war, is the use of artillery with abundance of high explosive shell. Indeed, it may well prove the key to almost every problem of the war. This is another success for German theory, though it is quite inaccurate to think they foresaw the complete supremacy it would achieve. A point upon which the Germans differed from the French before the war was the value of fortifications, that is to say, the permanent fortifications of places like Namur, though here, as elsewhere, the difference was fine, and not fundamental. The French did not think permanent fortifications would stand for ever against the battering of siege guns; they looked to them to check advance, and thus to act as pivots of manœuvre. But the Germans, in holding that they would fall in a very short time to the attack by the heavy Austrian howitzers, were right. The fortress is now known to be impregnable only so long as it is not attacked, and no fortress can stand which is not carefully nursed by wide and distant lines of entrenchment. The German belief in the heavy gun and high explosive shell extended to their use against troops in the open, in defiance of the experience of recent wars. It cannot be said definitely that the Germans were right, indeed, the evidence inclines to the opposite conclusion. Neither in casualties nor in depreciated *moral* does high explosive shell, when used in the open, seem to have had the success the Germans hoped.

Neuve Chapelle was the first occasion upon which a concentration of artillery and a vast expenditure of shell were used, and used successfully, to break a formidable defensive scheme. The Germans were not slow to press the lesson into their own service on the Dunajec. At Neuve Chapelle the line and whole defence were broken so thoroughly on the first day that a brigade was able to line up, at noon, without attracting a shot. On the Dunajec, where the concentration of fire was much heavier, the German success was even more complete; indeed, it is probable that against almost any other troops it would have been decisive. The fact that so great a concentration of artillery had been made on so small a front as that of Neuve Chapelle in secret is largely due to another tactical novelty, in which, at the outset in a much inferior position, the British army has now gained the ascendancy, the air "arm." Its use could certainly not be predicted from the experience of other wars; but it has proved invaluable in reconnaissance and in artillery control, and as an independent arm its use provided significant episodes in this battle. The British aeroplanes probably kept off any inquiring German machines, and so helped to secure the factor of surprise which is so necessary in battle. In the same battle the aeroplanes bombarded the junctions through which reinforcements must go to the enemy. Valuable in itself, this incident is much more valuable in its implications. That too, we believe to have been a British discovery.

There is one other tactical point upon which attention has been focussed. This has been called the "massed attack," and it represents, in effect, a fundamental difference of attitude with regard to life. The Prussian attitude is that of Napoleon, a recklessness which lays the very greatest strain upon discipline. It has become one of the chief grounds of our hope, since such an attitude leads to a loss of life which has such a disproportion to that of the Allies that it fulfils the main Allied purpose, attrition. In siege conditions the Germans have frequently used this massed formation, which is rather the accompaniment of battle. The idea of a siege is to economize men by spending time; the notion of a battle is just the opposite, and the reason it has been adhered to so steadfastly is that time is all important to the Germans. They are, in fact, besieged; and nothing really matters, unless they secure a decision over the besiegers in some part of the lines of investment, either East or West. Apart from that, this use of men is so expensive that it is the best augury for our final success. Certainly, up to this moment, it has proved a complete failure; but it is intimately connected with the German grand strategy which pivoted on time.

And this strategy, failure as it has proved itself, is not the unconsidered thing its non-success might suggest. Trench warfare is an old institution, and it was to avoid the protracted nature of such operations that *du Teil* and his contemporaries cast about for the means to secure a speedy decisive victory. The idea, filtering through Clausewitz and Moltke, became "the battle without a morrow," to which Prussian strategy aspired. Everything to purchase time was the principle of their strategy, as it is the inspiration of their massed formation. But both have proved unavailing to secure what is so necessary to them. It is an odd thing, but it seems to be true, that the Germans have shown themselves the most competent soldiers in the world, but also the most limited. Whereas their only chance of success is bungling on the part of the Allies, it is sufficient for us if they continue as they have begun.

WHAT THE FLEET HAS DONE.

How should we have fared, judging from the experience of this war, if we had found ourselves pitted without allies against the single power of Germany? The question is not merely academic. An investigator who wishes to study the behavior of some natural force, endeavors by experiment to set it at work in isolation. The course of events would not have differed very greatly at sea from what we have witnessed. There would have been in the early weeks of the war the same desultory guerilla warfare against commerce. It would have ended in the total disappearance of all German shipping from all the seas, and in the hunting down, after a few engagements, of the German cruisers still at large. We must suppose that the dictates of prudence which have forbidden the German battle-fleet to risk any general engagement with our own, would have been no less imperative, or if the engagement had taken place, it would presumably have ended as the one battle of this war between modern ships of equal value ended in the North Sea last February. A raid or

invasion, which the Germans have not even attempted, and cannot attempt while we command the seas, would have been even less attractive if our whole land force had been free in these islands. It is probable that they would, by concentrated attack, have achieved rather more damage by air-raids; but, on the other hand, their submarine campaign would have been appreciably less formidable if they had not acquired their Belgian base at Zeebrugge. They would have suffered much less from the stoppage of their over-seas commerce, for all the land routes and all the Continental markets would still have been open to them, but the disturbance to their internal economy would in one way have been more serious, for their whole male population would not have mobilized, and grave unemployment must have resulted from the closing of the ports. The great naval object-lesson of this war, the ease with which a scattered colonial Empire can be conquered by a Power which holds the seas, would certainly have been repeated. The loss of Germany's colonies would, indeed, have been even more rapid and complete, for we should have had unlimited forces to spare for their occupation. In less than six months we should have seized all Germany's colonies and laid an embargo on her sea-borne trade, and this we could have maintained indefinitely against her, at no greater cost to ourselves than such loss as her Zeppelins and submarines can inflict. With such restricted but definite powers for the offensive, we certainly could not crush a Continental enemy, but in a war for any limited issue, our fleet would have given us the certain assurance of victory, and enabled us to secure an early peace on our own terms.

The imaginary experiment of supposing that we had found ourselves alone in a war with Germany is worth making, for no other line of thought can demonstrate quite so clearly the immense part which the fleet plays in the policy and strategy of an island Power. If we had been fighting only for our own hand, it would have paid us better not to have had allies, and to have avoided the risks of Continental warfare. It is sometimes said that the fleet is a purely defensive arm, but the Power which can arrest its enemy's sea trade, and occupy its colonies, is by these means alone in a position to secure an advantageous peace. The experience of this year furnishes a complete answer to those who supposed that for any purely Anglo-German conflict we were inadequately equipped. We were, indeed, as the event has shown, so well provided, that in a world governed by probabilities no such conflict could have arisen. The moral, none the less, is worth drawing, that alike for island defence and for colonial strategy, the navy has proved itself a weapon sufficient for our own national purposes. The peculiar advantages which it confers are still ours, and they will remain at our command, whatever the fortunes of the land war may be. So long as we can forbid the use of the seas to German commerce, and occupy the German colonies, we retain a power of pressure which must reinforce the effects of success on land, and would go far to balance a partial failure.

Under the actual conditions of this war we must add some further services to those which the fleet would have performed had we been fighting alone. It has enabled us to land and maintain a great army in France without

the loss of a ship or a man. It has helped to confer on French commerce the same protection that we have enjoyed ourselves. It has provided an argument which must have gone far to check any disposition of the pro-German party in Italy to act with her former Allies. Had the balance of naval power in the Mediterranean been for a moment in doubt, Italy would hardly have dared to join the Triple Entente, and might even have remained an active member of the Triple Alliance. Our command of the seas has been, in short, among the most vital of the conditions that have governed the whole campaign in the West. Had we stood neutral, had France been forced to battle for the command of the seas against the decidedly stronger German-Austrian fleets in combination, it is hardly too much to say that she must have succumbed. Our army played its part in the Battle of the Marne; but our fleet stood unseen behind the long trench line in France. Its northern flank is held not by the allied armies alone, but also by our ships. What would have happened last autumn, had we stood neutral, if the German fleet could have sailed through the Straits, engaged the weaker French fleet, captured Calais or Havre, and turned the French lines by landing an army to assail their flank and rear? Much as our army has done to assure the defence of France, the fleet, by its veto on the use of German sea-power, has certainly done no less. Even if a landing in France could have been forbidden by the French submarines, the indispensable supplies which France has drawn both from England and from the United States could certainly have been stopped. The services of our fleet to the Alliance have been only a little less essential than its services to ourselves.

The miracle about this command of the seas is that it has been achieved and retained almost without fighting. There is something abstract and almost mystical about such a conception. It resembles the balance of power which governs the relations of States under the armed peace, when they count force and buy it, but do not actually employ it. Our naval superiority depends in like manner on an imperious arithmetic. The fighting which has taken place has been trivial in relation to the total forces of either side, but it has served to prove that our paper superiority is also a real superiority. At Heligoland, at the Falklands, and in the North Sea last February, the test was severe enough on a small scale to show that in gunnery and in seamanship our ships are the equals, and something more than the equals, of their opponents. Given that demonstration, it suffices that we are known to possess, ready and intact, some forty capital ships against the twenty-two, or at most twenty-three which the Germans may now have in commission. The presumption of defeat is so great that it would be folly for the enemy to risk a battle. Our patrol fleet in the North Sea, and our small cruisers at all the ends of the earth, go about their work all but unchallenged, because the reserves of power lie eager and prepared at the strategical centre. There has been some attrition, indeed, through the loss, due to mines or torpedoes, of five of the older battleships at the Dardanelles, and of two in home waters. But our accelerated building has more than made good the

loss, and our relative superiority is even more crushing than it was when war broke out.

The contest has overtaken us at a transition period. We have had to realize that on land, as on sea, the resources of defence (among them the submarine) exceed at present the resources of the attack. It is doubtful whether gun-fire alone can now sink a capital ship. The anchored mine and the net have led, as it were, to the fortification of the sea, so that permanent lines of defence are drawn on the water as formidable as any land trenches. We cannot assail the German fleet in its bases, nor attack its ports. At the Dardanelles it was just possible to test, so far with negative results, the ability of ships to cope with forts, but even this test would have been rendered impossible by an earlier appearance on the scene of the German submarines. Sir Percy Scott's predictions have so far overshot the facts. On his showing, our battleships must have fallen to a submarine campaign, even within defended ports, as easily as unarmed tramps. Nothing of the kind has happened. But the power of surface craft to press home an attack is gravely diminished; the torpedo has proved itself more deadly than the gun, and a few years more of revolutionary invention may suffice to render the capital ship obsolete. It is still supreme to-day, unchallenged in its evident superiority, inactive only because no enemy fleet dare face it; it holds, while it rides at anchor, the keys of all the seas. It has assured our commerce, protected our supplies, and guarded our shores. While it retains its supremacy, we may, indeed, watch with doubt and anxiety the progress of the land war which must settle the future of Europe, but in its keeping our own liberties and our island destinies are safe.

THE INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY OF THE FUTURE.

AFTER the experience of twelve months' warfare, it is curious to look back to the anxieties in which we were plunged at the beginning, and to note how strangely the problems actually before us differ from the problems we pictured at that time. Our nightmare was unemployment. The great war with France, coming just at the time when the Industrial Revolution was making the workpeople of this country dependent to an extent never dreamed of before on the fortunes of distant parts of the world, brought in its course and at its close frequent and violent disturbances of our economic life. To-day, it seemed to many, these consequences would follow with still greater force, because modern industry is infinitely more specialized, and therefore still less independent than industry a century ago. Few realized that the business of war is become so vast, and its demands so overwhelming, that the task of making the implements of slaughter, of clothing and feeding the huge armies that would be needed, would swallow up all the energies of mankind, and that war, instead of paralyzing industry, would merely change its character. Never, indeed, has the life of this nation been so filled with the noise and bustle of industrial preparation and manufacture. To someone looking down from the clouds we should appear like the ancient Egyptians building the Pyramids, or the

host that opened Mount Athos to Xerxes' fleet, or that seething army of Trojans mobilizing for the departure from Carthage, whom Virgil has described in one of the famous similes of the "Æneid." We may wonder whether even in the most barbarous ages, so large a proportion of mankind has been engaged either in inflicting death or in helping others to inflict it. Of the reactions that peace will bring, we cannot judge fully at this moment. We only know that peace will bring all kinds of economic problems, and that in anticipating them we may fall into errors as grave as those that many of us made in forecasting the problems of war.

The great problem that the war has forced to the front is not the problem of providing against unemployment, but the problem of the control of industry. To many people the hasty discussions and the arrangements, sometimes, in our judgment, feverish and tending to the sensational, for organizing the work of the munition factories and the great allied industries, are significant only in their bearing on the prosecution of the war. This is indeed their immediate aspect. But the method that works best for stimulating production in a great crisis is fundamentally, where a society has the temperament and traditions of our own, in keeping with the spirit that produces the best results and the best type of industrial structure in more normal times. If the nation were ruled by a dictator, he would have regard, if he were a wise man, to the spirit and circumstances of the people he was directing, and he would not consider that his task began and ended with the mere discipline of superior force. That is the cardinal fallacy of many of those who write from their libraries to the newspapers in passionate impatience about national service. To them industry is like a school or some similar institution, in which discipline is preserved by simple and familiar methods. But industry is in truth a great department of life, and if your general public life is based on principle, on consent and freedom and self-government, you cannot isolate one department and lay down quite contrary principles for its conduct. For though to the observer from the clouds we may look like the Egyptians working with the patience of slaves on the making of the great tombs of kings, we are in point of fact a society of men and women who are accustomed to personal liberty, to a good deal of choice in our lives outside the factory and the workshop. For a generation after receiving the vote, the workmen were engaged in building up their trade unions, but in recent years a ferment of new ideas has been noticeable in the working-class world, and the main idea in this movement has been a revolt against the cruder characteristics of that status. We are not sure that the economic historian of the future will not put his finger on the Knox strike as the most significant incident of these years. It is unfortunate that this spirit has not been taken more fully into account in our legislation, and that such a measure as the Insurance Act should have been so conceived as rather to accentuate in some respects the status against which the thinking workman is in revolt.

The war has brought this question to the front by making it urgently necessary that our industrial system should be as efficient as possible. Our factories had to

be put on a war footing. And when we consider how this is to be done, we come upon another element in the problem that makes so many of the arguments of the arm-chair critics irrelevant and hollow. For an industry is not like a school where A is teaching B; it is a concern in which A is making a profit, and B, C, and D are helping him to make that profit, receiving for their exertions such a recognition as they can persuade him to give them. Are you then to force B, C, and D to make a larger profit for A and to deprive them of their means of inducing him to give them such share as they might otherwise secure? Such a course is merely to put back the workman into the servitude that he endured before the Combination Acts were repealed. It is the course that many industrial potentates like Lord Devonport would favor, for it is true to-day, as it has always been, that a political Liberal may hold the views of Castlereagh about the workman. Certain of Mr. Lloyd George's speeches gave an unfortunate impression that his mind was running along some such lines; he seemed to be inclined to accept whatever the employers said about the workmen, and to be inclining to the employers' remedy. The Munitions Act represented a compromise, for if in practice it stopped a long way short of the policy that was urged in these columns and elsewhere of making these factories into national services, it recognized that the profits the employer could make out of his workmen or the needs of the nation should be limited, and it recognized further that the employer must not be given unqualified authority over the workmen who were called upon to lay down their only weapons. But when we remember what is in the mind of the workman, and when we recall what it is that we want from him—the maximum of energy, despatch, and diligence—we realize at once how imperfect a scheme we have in this Act. The old idea was that if you shut the door on a workman he would work hard because the economic man was all powerful in him. Nobody believes that now. Nobody supposes that a South Wales miner is going to work himself out because a Munitions Tribunal has given him a stern order. If anything is plain it is that we have to secure the willing and active co-operation of the workmen, and that any other kind of service is a failure.

If a year hence we should be reviewing the industrial history of another twelve months, we think that it will be our fortune to record a considerable development of democratic ideas in this connection. The moral of all that is happening is too plain to escape our rulers. Take the complaint that the Glasgow workmen are insisting on their holidays, and that even now in some factories there is slacking and irregularity. Surely the only way to check this is to call the trade unions into active and responsible partnership, and to do this is to recognize the workmen in their true character as citizens. Mr. Lloyd George himself seems to oscillate between the two courses. One day he talks like the employers, and threatens the workman with the stigma of a subject class. Another day he appeals to them as fellow-countrymen in an hour of crisis. We may transpose a harsh and unjust saying of Mommsen's about Pompey, and say that Nature meant him to be a leader and not to be the drill sergeant of the capitalist system. We cannot believe that he will

be blind to the truth that if the nation is really to exert its full strength, a new character must be given to industry, and not merely a new discipline to workpeople, that the State must make employers and workmen alike its agents, using the employers' knowledge and experience, and the great moral resources of the trade unions. Whether this hope is justified or not, we shall see.

SCHEMES OF WAR TAXATION.

THE adjournment of Parliament without anything more than informal and indefinite allusions to the taxation needed to finance the war, appears to us wrong. For both the yield and the incidence of taxes are affected beneficially by clear expectation. Our view has been that the heavy taxation which is inevitable ought to have been announced simultaneously with the loan. We are aware of the arguments against this course, based on the opinion that it is well to exhaust the effects of the voluntary appeal before having recourse to compulsion. But they possess no real validity in the case in which the country stands. For tax and loan are drawn, so far as private subscriptions go, almost wholly from the same body of current wealth, and it is desirable in the interest of the future that as much and not as little as possible should be taken in the shape of taxes. We can see no reason why large masses of war profits should be borrowed by the Government at a high rate of interest, when they could equitably have been taken without such payment. Even if it had been possible to raise a loan large enough to meet the entire deficit, this financial policy would have been unsound. But from the first it has been evident that large additional taxation would be required, and that by sucking up as much as possible of the spare resources of the nation for the loan the taxing process would be made harder. For, as the months pass by, it becomes continually plainer that the economic sacrifices needed to support the war are not being made. Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna have striven in forcible phrases to impress upon the country the dimensions of the economy that is needed. But they have not succeeded. The actual current curtailment of expenditure is trifling. To say that if this country is to meet its obligations the ordinary rate of saving must at least be doubled, is to make a conservative estimate. Now, nothing but the immediate pressure of taxation will be effective for this end. To postpone the announcement of such taxation until half the financial year has passed is surely an act of culpable negligence. For much of the saving which would have taken place, if time had been taken by the forelock, is lost irretrievably.

The acquiescence of the Government in this postponement of taxation appears at any rate a strong ground for anticipating that they do not intend to rely to any appreciable extent upon the numerous schemes for indirect taxation which are pressed on them from various quarters. For fresh taxes can have no retrospective action. Many of the proposals which Mr. Harold Cox and other flexible economists are urging are in themselves plausible expedients for dealing with a situation which involves not only the provision of money,

but the curtailment of private expenditure. By taxing foreign luxuries, such as silks, jewellery, oil, and motor cars, the peril of an adverse foreign exchange is diminished, money is brought into the Exchequer, and simple modes of living are enforced. Most of the advocates of such Customs duties doubtless have at the back of their minds the services thus rendered to the future of a protective tariff. But were the proposals in themselves sound as emergency measures, this *arrière pensée* might be ignored. But they are not sound. To set up in the midst of our bewilderment of new machinery an elaborate and expensive tariff would be an act of folly and futility. It would not contribute any substantial contribution to our needs, and the reformed modes of living it designs to bring about can be achieved far more certainly and efficaciously by direct taxation, which will bring the necessary pressure for the reduced consumption both of foreign-made and home-made luxuries. If any taxes are directed against particular modes of consumption, it would be best to choose items of widespread needless expenditure within this country. Provided that the cost and trouble of collection made it worth while, duties upon railway passenger traffic (which, apart from military movements, has actually increased during the war), upon cinematograph shows, theatres, and other amusements, and trade advertisements, would be worth considering as war measures. But war-profits and general income are the really large taxable bodies.

In regard to income-tax, Mr. Asquith the other day reverted briefly to a proposal which he had foreshadowed before the war for lowering the exemption limit so as to obtain from the better-to-do wage-earners some direct contribution to the revenue. Now, there are, in our judgment, arguments of overwhelming force against such a proposal, if it be taken as an addition to the indirect taxes which fall so heavily upon the working-classes. If it be urged that in ordinary times working-class incomes between, say, £100 and £160, have some true ability to pay, in the sense that a moderate tax would not injure the efficiency of the worker and his home, the argument has less weight now that prices of the necessities of life have risen to the extent of from 30 to 35 per cent. At such a time, to tamper by taxation with the standard of living of the working-classes would be a very dangerous experiment, both economically and politically. We can recognize only one condition which would give validity to any lowering of the income-tax limit, and that is the total removal of the breakfast-table duties. Such substitution of direct for indirect taxation, provided the sums collected were not eaten up by expenses of collection, would be distinctly advantageous, for these food taxes press most heavily upon the poorest of the workers, those who are lowest paid or have the largest families. To relieve these people by substituting a direct tax on the wages of the better-paid workers would be a valuable reform. There remains, however, the question whether such a tax, necessarily collected every week by some troublesome process of stoppage from wage payments, would be worth while. A more rigorous enforcement of the present tax-limit, so as to bring within the net considerable numbers of farmers, overseers, resident public officials, and the most highly-paid workers in the

engineering and metal trades, who escape at present, would probably be far more profitable. Those who think otherwise are frequently misled by stories of the large collective family income where several adult male workers live under the same roof, or of the large sums brought home in spells of heavy overtime, which cannot be maintained for long periods. In any case, the contribution from such sources will not go far to fill the gap which will appear this autumn between the volume of expenditure and the proceeds of existing taxation, supplemented by the loan. A mass of little fancy taxes will not meet the case. The better-to-do classes will have to find out of their current incomes an enormous additional sum. If they postpone drastic reductions in their rate of expenditure, they will inevitably be put to greater straits later on.

A London Diary.

THE evacuation of Warsaw has long been discounted here. It has never been judged as a serious military event; from this point of view, the loss of Novo-Georgievsk would be of more consequence. But the great point was always whether the Russian armies would remain intact, evacuate their guns and stores, and secure their retirement on the line of Brest, which, being shorter, can be held on their existing equipment of guns and munitions (soon to be much increased). On this point confidence is absolute.

THE country and the House of Commons both, I think, felt relieved when Mr. Asquith came down, with the proper degree of contempt, on the "Maily-Times" agitation against a Parliamentary recess. I am told that if a division had been forced, about ten members would have voted, without counting in this clique one name of authority. I have always contended that the Harmsworth press had no political power, or that it was a paste-board strength which broke up whenever a statesman had the pluck to put his foot through it.

NOR that it is a bad thing in itself to keep Parliament sitting, but all the world knew that the suggestion, coming from papers which habitually belittle Parliament, was merely a fresh arrow from the quiver from which the means of unrelenting attack on the Prime Minister is drawn, and that this attack, again, has nothing serious, nothing patriotic, nothing even decently plausible and opportune, behind it. What is remarkable is the persistence of the assault. The Harmsworth journalism is usually too volatile for these efforts. But the war concentrates its energies. Some attribute its line to honest pessimism on Lord Northcliffe's part. It may be so. But why link that kind of writing with an effort to produce in the mind of our Allies a contemptuous belittlement of all that we are and do, till French journalists are obliged to come over here and paint over for their readers the daubs of John Bull which the Northcliffe journalism has put up over half the Continent? That is *trop fort*. I see the "Mail" has the audacity to print some French reflections on our supposed shortcomings. Thus the

enemy not only sows the tares, but cheerfully harvests the ensuing crop.

AN Englishman at the head of a commercial house in Berlin gave me a vivid account of the way in which the German organization began to work an hour after the declaration of war. The train services were instantly adapted to military needs, and so efficiently that in a few days most of the suspended passenger trains were resumed. The offices of the General Staff were at once surrounded with a fourfold cordon of soldiers and police. Within the enclosed lines motor-cars containing the military directors of the great machine dashed backwards and forwards, running through the streets at full speed, all limits being at once removed for them. The officers' faces beamed with delight at the opening of the great adventure so long hoped for and prepared. His own German clerks left their desks and returned within an hour equipped with brand new uniforms (overhauled twice in the year). The business of organizing the German mind was set up as speedily as that of equipping and transporting the German army. Special editions of the popular papers were rushed out hour after hour, full of sensational news (most of it fabricated) as to enemy aggressions and deeds of craft or wickedness. The forces of peace—and they were not small—were thus bewildered and captured before they could make a single rally.

I COULD not help contrasting this mentally (not, I hope, in the Harmsworth vein) with a picture of careless waste drawn for me by a very intelligent officer from the front. "The British Army is the most extravagant in the world," said one of its leaders and admirers. But why should not its expenditure be reasonably checked? My friend (who spoke only of what he had seen) told of large consignments of food dumped down here and there, and never claimed, of the ground strewn with tins of bully beef ("I never take food into the trenches; I simply pick it up as I go along"), and with ammunition, not merely in single bandoliers, but in cases. Biscuits were sent by the score of thousand and never eaten, the troops disliking them. Great stores of excellent, new, well-made boxes of all sorts were opened and thrown away after use, though if returned they could have done service over and over again. My friend proposed the simple device of a Salvage Corps, saying that any contractor who was given a 10 per cent. commission on his recoveries would make a fortune in a few weeks. Could not this be resorted to?

ALL the chroniclers of the war know how many deeds of bravery have been swallowed up in darkness and oblivion. But it is surprising that so little has been heard of the wonderful deed of Lieutenant Moorhouse, the young aviator who died of his wounds after dropping bombs on Courtrai station and railway lines. The enterprise was of vital importance. 40,000 Germans were in full march on our columns. They were stopped dead by Mr. Moorhouse's achievement. But that was not all. It was equally necessary for our commanders to know whether the column had been arrested or no. Lieutenant Moorhouse had flown low and been badly

wounded. But he was resolved to return to our lines and make his report, and return he did, fiercely fired on from the German ranks. He was warmly thanked for an inestimable service, but he did not long live to enjoy his fame. Before dying he wrote a touching letter to his young child, to be read when he was seventeen.

THE news of Mr. Henry James's British citizenship is more gratifying than surprising. It has not been easy to think of him as American, for his graces of demeanor and carriage, of speech, of thought, of expression, seemed to have found their favorite setting in our climate and atmosphere rather than in the American. What stranger, meeting Mr. James (not, of course, the Henry James of "Daisy Miller") for the first time, would take him for an American; and then, recognizing him for the great writer he is, would readily associate his intricate harmonies of style and deliberate subtleties of mind with a country and literature that are still young? No; to England he was bound to come; neither is it a discovery to learn that he has been drawn to a closer tie even than his long association with our town and country life had formed by the passion of his sympathy with our cause. It is pleasant to hear, by the way, that his sponsors in naturalization were the Prime Minister and Mr. Gosse.

Is it possible that Mr. Granville Barker is resigning the life of the theatre, so far as the management and the production of plays are concerned? It seems quite incredible; for if Mr. Barker sees no future for the reformer and the experimentalist in dramatic art, I see only a further melancholy decline to triviality. One has not always agreed with him, for Mr. Barker is an intellectualist before he is an artist, and one has thought that he has sometimes sacrificed beauty for that horrid thing, efficiency. But who excels him in celerity of mind, adaptability, and curiosity of method? And who is to take his place? Mr. Barker is so extraordinarily able a man that he can do nearly everything well; but do we not do stage production so very badly that he owes it to his country to go on with it? If he does not, I begin to fear that we shall come down to Herr Reinhardt.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE PAPACY AND THE WAR.

"THE last Pope was a saint; this Pope is a politician; and I like the saint best." One may demur to the first statement, and the third is matter of opinion; but the sentiment is one which is being freely expressed among Catholics. Its significance is psychological: what is meant is that Benedict XV. has been found wanting. The situation of the Papacy with reference to the war and the great issues raised by it could scarcely be worse than it is. Its policy has been lacking in principle, and in consistency, in intelligence and in sympathy, in dignity and in tact. And this in spite of the fact that the Pope personally is a very able and a very excellent man.

In normal times he would probably have shown himself a sagacious and moderate pontiff. But the time in which we live is not normal. A great war stimulates the emotions; men are thrown back on primitive instincts and passions; the pitch of life is high. The need of such a time is inspiration—the indefinable quality that arrests and penetrates; the particle of divine fire. Now it is to religion above all that we look for inspiration. And the Pope is the first Christian bishop; the representative of a great, if mixed, tradition; the spiritual head of Latin Christendom. Catholicism is seen at its best when face to face with the elemental side of human nature. In the province of ideas, it is a negligible quantity; in that of the actual—in trial, sickness, pain, and death—it is a living force. The strain of the present war—and history tells us the same of the great wars of the past—has a twofold effect on those exposed to it. The faith of some breaks down: How can such things be in a God-ruled world? That of others is revived and stimulated: "When I was in trouble, I called upon the Lord." Many Protestants, we are told, have been impressed by the piety of the French and Belgian peasants, by the devotion of the priests, by the legends telling of apparitions of angels, of shrines saved as if by a miracle from destruction, of the protection afforded by amulets—all growing as they pass from mouth to mouth. Into this seething-pot of human passion the Pope comes, passionless, bloodless, like a visitor from a distant planet, as one of another race of men. He is not a man of theory, but a politician in the narrower sense of the word. And his policy is shrewd, subtle, concrete, calculated; it is based on facts that are taking shape under our eyes. What he lacks is ideality. And it is here that his danger lies.

His intentions are of the best. He has intervened, not without success, in the matter of the exchange of prisoners; his exhortations have been in accordance with precedent; he has enlarged on the blessings of peace and on the horrors of war. But the absence of the human element is complete. The Papal pronouncements are correct, but they are perfunctory and lifeless; the note of spontaneity and inspiration is not there. Hence an impression of discouragement and even of repulsion: we ask for bread and are given a stone.

What is reasonable, and what unreasonable in this feeling? Well, no reasonable person expects the Pope either to arrest or to take sides in an international conflict. The medieval Papacy claimed this power of acting as a Court of Final Appeal, but the claim was never more than nominal; and the time has long gone by when it could have been advanced with effect. The right or wrong of the appeal to arms, tremendous question as it is, must be decided by the conscience of the combatants. There is no higher earthly tribunal, and in the end God is judge. But with regard to the *delicta*, as opposed to the *casus belli*, it is otherwise; these lie on, not below, the surface of things. Whether a treaty has been broken, neutral territory invaded, the public law of Europe defied; whether non-combatants have been massacred, prisoners of war put to the sword, women outraged, children slain; whether churches have been desecrated, priests killed, nuns violated—these things are matters of fact, not of opinion; and if infallibility—which extends, remember, to morals as well as to faith—does not denounce them, it has hopelessly and even shamefully broken down. That the German troops have been guilty—and guilty by command—of these crimes is notorious. If the Allies have shared in this guilt, let them also share in its condemnation; but the conscience of mankind is in its right in demanding that such atrocities—be their authors whom they may—shall be condemned. The

teacher who fails to condemn them is discredited. It is at least more obvious that murder is wrong than that the Pope is infallible. And why should we trust him with regard to the things that are not seen, when he is so unmistakably at fault with regard to the things that are seen?

The unhappy "Roman Question" poisons the springs. The hurriedly passed Legge delle Guarentigie Pontificie (1871) was a political measure; from the point of view of constitutional or international law, it was "contradictory, disorganic, inconsequent, and on many points equivocal."[†] It would have been better both for Italy and for Europe had Mancini rather than Bonghi drafted the measure. But, after the occupation of Rome, a certain reaction showed itself. The invaders were anxious, for political and social reasons, to make it clear that they had not gone, and were not going, beyond average opinion. A Cavour might have saved the situation, but—it was the greatest loss that Italy ever sustained—Cavour was dead. The result was that more than one door was left open; and, as the hope of regaining the Temporal Power in the old sense of the word—the territorial sovereignty over the whole or part of what had once been the States of the Church—disappeared, the more sagacious minds in the Curia concentrated on a revision of the law in a sense favorable to the political aspirations of the Papacy, and so to the recognition, if not of its territorial, at least of its temporal claims. Of such minds that of the present Pope is typical. But the position has one fatal flaw.

"The present international conflict is essentially one of ideas: two principles, two conceptions of national life, two civilizations, stand opposed. If for the secular State neutrality—that is, the absence of opinion or judgment on these issues—is the height of danger, it is even more so for the Church, which is an institution by its very conception moral. The revival of the religious spirit, if it is lasting, will turn against the Papacy, as will the nations, conquering or conquered, who have found the Church hostile or indifferent when their sons were doing battle for their highest rights."[‡]

The Pope declares, no doubt sincerely, his sympathy with the sufferings of Belgian and French Catholics, and his words may be taken at their surface value; it is natural that the bishops and the Catholic press should take them in this way. But the springs of action lie deeper. The political and religious tendencies for which the Papacy stands have obviously nothing to gain from the victory of the Allies, and much to hope from that of the Austro-Germans. France is anti-clerical, England Protestant, Russia schismatic; Austria is the nearest surviving approach to a Catholic Power; the German Empire is under a political necessity of treating the Papacy with consideration, and there is a certain natural affinity between absolutisms, in however different spheres. The Vatican is in closer diplomatic touch with Vienna and Berlin than with Paris, London, or Petrograd; it is probable that it anticipates, if not a definite German victory, at least an indecisive issue, which will leave Germany the preponderant Power in Europe. Its action is based on this anticipation, and looks rather at facts than at ideas. It is well to be on the winning side; and, should the calculation miscarry, the resentment of the Allies will remain within the limits of civilization, while dire would be the vengeance of the victorious Hun. Given the standpoint, the reasoning is sound, and it will continue to guide the Church's policy. The Spanish faction in the Curia is avowedly hostile, the Roman neutral; this is all that we can expect, and all that we

[†] Il Papa, l'Italia, e la Guerra, G. Quadretta, p. 64. The text of the Law will be found in the appendix, p. 129.
[‡] G. Quadretta, l.c., p. 122.

shall obtain. The accession of Italy to the Allies, desperately opposed by the Vatican, may give a veneer of benevolence to this neutrality; but it will be a veneer only. Should the strained relations between French and German Catholics, of which the acute controversy excited by Mgr. Baudrillart's "*L'Eglise catholique et la guerre allemande*" is an example, develop, the internal friction in the Church may be considerable. But the revival of Gallicanism is a chimera. Men may, and will, sit loose to the Church in increasing numbers, but they will neither revive an exploded nor devise a new form of Catholicism. This implies an interest in religion; and indifference is the increasing note of our time.

Shortsightedness is the characteristic of ecclesiastics. They see what is under their eyes quickly and accurately. But they do not see what lies a stone's-throw beyond them. What will happen to-morrow is outside their calculations; they live and act for to-day. It is possible that in the event of a German success, a sop would be thrown to the Vatican at the expense of Italy, which it would be desired to humiliate. But such a sop would be bought dearly. For the Vatican has to make its account permanently with Italy; Rome is an Italian city—there is no getting away from the geographical fact. And can anyone suppose that the alliance between Berlin and Rome would survive the temporary community of interest, or that this could be other than short-lived? The Papacy has had its grievances against the French Republic; but the little finger of William II. is heavier than the loins of M. Combes.

The Roman Catholic Church is an international society. This imposes duties upon the Central See which are not imposed upon other churches, and calls for privileges to which they have no claim. But the best, the only valid, guarantee of these privileges is the conscience of mankind, which is in the last resort a unity. The reaction which followed the abolition of the French Concordat illustrates its working; in no responsible or representative quarter is there a disposition to injure susceptibilities or even to offend prejudices; men's habits and practices change, but change slowly with the changing years.

Rightly or wrongly, the so-called "neutrality" of the Pope on the grave moral issues raised by the war impresses thinking men with the sense of the moral bankruptcy of the Papacy: and the fear is that the sense of this bankruptcy will extend from the Papacy to religion. It will undoubtedly hamper the efforts of those whose aim is to arrest the decay of piety; nor will it leave those—the enormous majority in every Church—who do not think unaffected: for ideas make atmosphere, and those who do not think feel. Can it be doubted that the feeling of many a simple French and Belgian Catholic to the Papacy will be, "Curse ye, Meroz"! or that this cry will find an echo in Austria and Germany? For there, too, wives have been widowed and children orphaned; and no help has come from Rome.

It is dangerous to sum up history in a phrase; but the Papacy, it seems, prevailed in the beginning, because though its feet were "part of iron and part of clay," it expressed better than any competing system the genius and aspirations of the time. It dominated the Middle Ages, because, with all its crimes—and they were great and many—its standards were higher than those of the lay world. When this ceased to be so, it became a sheer obstruction; the rising tide of life swept it away. To-day in every country its strength is in the support of the backward section of the community—those who from want of opportunity, or will, or intelligence, stand outside the mind-movement of the time. Such influence as it

retains—and it is considerable—is due less to its own merits than to its opponents' shortcomings; the process of undermining to which it is being persistently subjected owes less to their attacks than to its own interior decay. But no men of goodwill will rejoice at its discrediting. *Tua res agitur cum proximus ardet.* The lesser Churches are not exempt from its faults or secure from its dangers: and there is a sense, happily, in which religion is one.

MURRAY OF THE DICTIONARY.

If the men of letters in the generation which is passing away were called upon to justify their work, we have a shrewd idea of the two names which they would place at the head of their scroll of service. One of them would be Frazer of "*The Golden Bough*," perhaps the biggest achievement and the most genial and liberal book that has come from any English study in our day. The other would be that of the modest and laborious scholar who died this week at a ripe old age, his shoulders bent beneath the burden of work and honors. If Lord Acton had lived to complete in person his vast and intricate plans, he might have made the third. The three names sum up the learned tendencies of an industrious and acquisitive age, which yet swims with strong strokes and uplifted head among its floods of fact. It succumbs to the need of collaboration, divides its enormous tasks, and shows its genius more in its power of omnivorous assimilation than in any sweep of speculation. "*The Golden Bough*," indeed, is the work of one man, and that man a consummate artist, but even it is the honey of a whole hive of gathering bees. These workers enjoy in their own day rather consideration than fame. The multitude barely hears their names, and the poor student handles their books, as the old-world scholar handled the chained tome, in public libraries. But Murray's Dictionary is likely to be the standard and the court of appeal for the English tongue for at least a century to come. It will keep the printed language to a certain classical uniformity when the presses of Australia and Canada exceed in their literary output those of the mother-country. It has erected its ten-volume fortification against all the innovators and reformers. It will be the despair of those who would "simplifi speling," and the terror of Transatlantic empirics, who would debase the currency of our speech with their colloquial free silver and the flimsy "green-backs" of slang. It will hold its place among the great conservative forces of the future. It will be condensed and abridged, until long years after his death the name of Murray becomes "a household word." It will serve as the basis of the Anglo-Bengali and Anglo-Chinese Dictionaries, that will be the foundation stone of the culture of the new East. It will, in the end, perpetuate the name of this Scottish schoolmaster of genius among the immortal instructors of mankind.

For our part, we have always found it hard to regard dictionaries with sufficient solemnity as "books of reference." We shrink from taking them up, as we hesitate to open a really absorbing detective story, for fear lest we should be unable to lay them down. That is perhaps the proof of an idle and desultory mind. We like to imbibe our knowledge scattered and disconnected, lured along by that arbitrary clue of the alphabet, which is the destruction of all systematic thought. The luxurious hour of study is for us that preliminary, say rather initiatory, moment in which one waits at the British Museum for the delivery of the book which one has come to consult. The books seem to come more

promptly now than they did some years ago. We resent the reform, for it means that the priceless hour of browsing among the dictionaries has been ruthlessly curtailed. But we still look forward to our voyage of discovery around those circular shelves where lie the books of reference, round as the world itself, ample as the horizon, free as the sky. Here you may sample an unknown language. There you may travel among the gazetteers. But, best of all, we like to turn the pages of the dictionaries of biography. What scandal, what mystery, what confusion of tragedy and comedy may you not find in their packed and serried pages! Here are more sinners than Dante encountered in hell. No leopard stands in your path amid a horrid wood; at your ease you turn the pages, and dread only the steps of the inexorable attendant who will call you from your delight as he dumps the book which you have come to consult upon the polished desk. There are dictionaries and dictionaries. If you want to be fair, judicial, moderate, and English, there is, to be sure, the "National Dictionary of Biography." But we know some red-leather volumes in French which have their point of view. Ask the correct compilations of the Monarchy or the Empire for their view of the life of your favorite revolutionary hero or your free-thinking torch-bearer, and you will people your Inferno rapidly. Turn up a sainted name in the "Jewish Cyclopædia," and you find Heaven depopulated.

It is, perhaps, a simple taste which lingers too exclusively over the dictionaries of biography. There is entertainment as romantic to be found in Murray. The history of words is commonly the history of everything else as well. We have before us the section of the nearly finished dictionary, which appeared with the old scholar's last completed work no later than this month. It is a pathetic and ominous volume, for the preface speaks of the "my long and serious illness," and the last entry in it is the phrase "turn down," which recalls the empty glass of Omar. It is packed like all its predecessors with strange lore. There is a serious modern young man in one of Anstey's plays, who tries to entertain a dinner-table with the startling fact that the Great Pyramid bears such and such a relation to the superficial area of Trafalgar Square, and is so many times the height of the Nelson Column. He had got it all from "Tit-Bits." We confess to a perilous sympathy with that young bore. Personally we do not read "Tit-Bits," but that perhaps comes from nothing more respectable than arrogance. We are never able to turn the pages of Murray without an itching inclination to run to the nearest dinner-table with the fragments of strange information that we have collected. It is highly unscientific, we dare say. We detect a stony stare on the countenance of really educated persons. We never for our part were able to feel a consuming interest in the dimensions of the Pyramids, but when it comes to desultory information about words, we confess to an insatiable appetite for the gossip of philology. We are tempted to button-hole the reader with a "Do you know that turmeric is *terre mérite*, a trade name by which medieval grocers puffed its worthy qualities?" or "Were you aware that 'truckle' comes from the Greek for a pulley, that a truckle-bed was rolled on castors under the high bed, and that to truckle to a superior is to sleep humbly beneath him?" If the dinner-table did not revolt we might go on to remark that "turn" comes from the Greek for a lathe, and finally challenge our hostess to suppress us by stating that of the 1,971 "main" words in the last section of the Oxford Dictionary, only nine are of English origin. The difficulty when once one begins to explore a dictionary is to stop. There is something startling, unless you are already a

sated and veteran scholar, on every page, and the odds are, that if you look for the solution of some puzzle which has perplexed you, you will, in hunting for it, discover half-a-dozen more exciting still.

A taste for etymology is, we suspect, quite a rudimentary activity of the mind. The glory of Murray's Dictionary is not so much its researches into the lineage of words as its records of their history. For mere romance in etymology no modern scholar can approach the Middle Ages. If you want to marvel (or to startle dinner-tables) you will hardly do better than the medieval scholar who on the principle of contraries derived "lucus" from "lucem," because groves are commonly dark, and traced "December" to "decem" and "imbres," because showers are frequent in that month. Papias, who lives as the author of these genial guesses, produced a commonplace alphabetical dictionary. But there were medieval philologists so confident of their science that they arranged all their derived words under the root. If you knew by some instinct of divination that "hirundo" is derived from "aer," because the swallow eats its food in the air, you would be able to find it under "aer" in the dictionary; otherwise, you would seek it in vain. Clearly we may make too much of the more prosaic wonders of modern etymology. It is as the indefatigable historian of words that Sir James Murray earned his great place in the world of learning. The orderly arrangement which traced each word by date and quotation through the slow evolution of its many "senses" is really an itinerary of the English mind. A psychologist or a logician hunting for the authentic record of the workings of the brain, would find here the richest of mines. To know by what laws a word changes its "senses," by what straight paths of logic it advances, by what side-tracks of fancy it wanders, is to uncover the mechanism of the mind itself. The history of every word is here, from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle down to the sporting page of the "Daily News." The passions and fancies of men are here, with their faiths and opinions. Their hates and their loves, their superstitions and their politics have moulded and distorted words. If you would grasp the inexhaustible subtlety of the human intellect, put metaphysics and the calculus aside, and read the thirty-six long columns of close print in which Murray has analyzed all the turnings of the verb to "turn." In these mazes the aged scholar lived, fired with a great ambition, and sustained to the end by a purpose which all but fulfilled itself. It is easy to visualize the cheerful old man at his daily task, in his vast shed of corrugated iron, among his sacks of quotations and his pigeon-holes of references. The poet has shown us the dead grammarian, exalted by his task, "this high man with a great thing to pursue," and set him in his place "where meteors shoot."

THE WASP AT PLAY.

Now is the time when everyone gets stung by a wasp. Even amid the horrors of war, the papers do not omit to record now and then a fatal case, to quicken the imagination of him who, slashing at his tiny opponent in mid-air, fancies that he is at life-and-death grips with a dragon. Fruit-pickers go on strike, finding the princely agricultural wage insufficient to cover the inconvenience of the many stings they receive. The wasps, making the smallest necessary hole through the skin of a ripe plum, proceed to scoop out the juicy content, and replace it with a score or so of their own drowsy bodies.

If they have time, they will pour drunkenly forth, and fall to the ground, to become sober and hungry again in the grass. But the picker who cannot give them time and does not nicely know the difference between a sound plum and a Trojan fruit full of sword-girt warriors, suffers a painful surprise. He makes the smart of the wound the measure of its injustice, and declares that the wasps attack him in the performance of his duty.

The orchard is by no means the only playing-ground of the wasp. It is there perhaps that the millions congregate, but thousands invade the kitchen at jam-making time, career about the breakfast-table, descend with hooligan joy upon the pic-nic, and generally persuade us that the world is crammed full of wasps. It would be strange if we failed to get stung, however peaceful an insect this multitudinous one might be. The unwary hand resting upon a wasp is promptly pricked; the thinly-stockinged foot may find one imprisoned in a boot; very often, the human guest too deep in conversation and the insect too deep in gastronomy, we take a wasp into the mouth, and get a badly swollen lip. What careless eaters we must both be to bring about such mutual catastrophe. Yet we scarcely know a friend who has not known it happen. It will be said that the wasp, savage at losing his tit-bit, flew at the innocent eater, and vindictively stung her. Who could put a wasp in his mouth without knowing it? The proposition is absurd. At least the creature must have flown in after the raspberry or what not, and that is just as bad as fighting one for it.

If all the wasps of August were as aggressive as the general public imagines each of them to be, they could perhaps annihilate the human population, and have the world to themselves. When at the cry of a lady in distress, we rise from table and attack her alleged assailant with flapping napkin, how many strokes must we give before we bring it to earth? It could sail through our guard with ease and plant a dart in the nose, that would have a high percentage chance of setting up phlebitis or killing us with pressure on the brain. Nor is one sting its whole possibility of evil, as in the case of the bee. The wasp can thrust and come again, and, therefore, when it means business, has no need to threaten, as the bee does before she delivers the blow that must be fatal to herself. Does the man with the flapping napkin know that he may miss a hundred times without raising the ire of the wasp, and that his attack is no more dangerous than upon the most innocent fly? Is he content to gain the credit of a St. George on false pretences, or is he as ignorant of wasp nature as the lady is? Most often the latter condition applies, not perhaps in set terms, but by a false instinct and a false reading of human feeling into insect philosophy.

Man, with all his religious training to the contrary, cannot imagine a deliberate injury without resentment in the injured. He knows well that if he were a wasp and some great lout struck at him with a napkin, he would give him a sting for his pains. And so when he strikes at the nimble fiery thing—and misses, he expects retaliation, in spite of the fact that he has fought and slain a thousand wasps, and never once been hit. He will sit down and write in cold blood that if you disturb a wasp at its meal, it will rise up and fly in your face and sting you. Such a thing, the present writer confidently claims, has never happened in the history of the world. The wasp appears to have no sense of personal injury, at any rate in relation to ourselves. Pinched, it will sting, as the thistle does; chivvied up and down a window-pane, it will turn on its back for a moment, but whenever there is the least room for escape, that is taken

rather than the "path of honor." It will show its courage by coming again and again to the feast we drive it from, but it will not fight us for it, even though it be its own feast and we its despoilers, except by methods of passive resistance.

Perhaps if man had less personal vindictiveness, he would have more of that social zeal that we at present call patriotism. Certainly the wasp is brave enough when it comes to an attack on the community—brave without any fussiness or chauvinism. Many as are the wasps at play (for the fruit-eaters are engaged almost entirely on their own pleasures), there are still thousands of them engaged in the work of keeping the factories going. Swift golden lines through the sunshine converge at a point where, from all quarters, foragers are entering the city with animal food for the young, and paper for the building of new terraces. An equal stream comes forth, carrying bits of earth scooped out for the enlargement of the city. If we and our kind have not displayed evil intent, we can stand and watch this picture of industry without being molested, but once it becomes evident that we intend war, then war we shall have. Scouts will meet us a hundred yards away, and, without the warning that the bee gives, will charge us with the bayonet. At the cry of the guard, nurses, carpenters, masons, will drop their work where it stood, and come boiling out, every one of them prepared to sting, and sting again till the battle is honorably ended. Many persons unwittingly treading on a wasp's nest, and not retiring quickly enough from a false position, have been made invalids for life by the stinging they have received.

Such is the difference between the wasp as an individual and as a citizen. Any one who has been attacked by a wasp has, whether he knew it or not, stood too near a nest, and offered a menace to the community. A wasp will buzz closely round the face out of curiosity, or perhaps to catch the flies that are worrying us. If we strike at such a wasp it will go away without protest, whereas a bee in like circumstances may come again in anger and sting. So far does the wasp carry its distinction between its own business and defence of the community that, when we attack a nest, it is only those coming out that have to be feared. Those coming home have not yet grasped the facts of the case. If we let them, they will go straight in with their burdens; if we hinder them, they will wander about looking for the lost hole, complaining of their evil plight, but not revenging the insult. Apparently they are not aware that war has been declared until they arrive at headquarters. After that, it is not to be doubted that they come out full of fury, and show us the difference between a wasp *per se* and one that has been enlisted for national defence.

The wasp has been exceedingly useful to us in the days of its work. By policing the caterpillars and grubs, it has produced more fruit than even its voracious legions can destroy. We have had the best that it has to give, and some idealists might think that we ought to accept as freely the nuisance of the wasp at play. But, the means being ours to take the sweet and leave the bitter, we watch the cities grow through early summer, and then breathe the word that destroys them. Because the wasp is not a belligerent, we can approach the nest once without fear and work our destructive will. A tiny bit of cyanide tossed into the hole volatilizes a subtle poisonous gas. Each wasp coming home breathes it and falls dead. Each wasp going out meets the same fate. The armored carcasses block the hole inches deep, the nurses stifle, the grubs starve, and the once thronging centre becomes a city of the dead.

VIGNETTES OF WAR.

II.—THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolayevitch is the most interesting, as he is perhaps the greatest, figure of the war. Physically he stands head and shoulders above the majority of men. He must be nearly 6 ft. 6 in. in height, and he has the ease of big men. There is even a touch of diffidence in his bearing, which at once pleases and surprises, since it stands in sharp contrast to the decision of his military directions. His face is strong; his expression grave; his manners unassuming.

He stands in the same relation to the Tsar as the Duke of Connaught to the King. But he differs from the average royal commander in two respects. He is neither a figure-head nor a bungler. He is a practical soldier, with a wide knowledge of his profession. Commander of the Petrograd military district, he is one of the two men—the other is Sukhomlinoff, his late Chief of Staff—immediately concerned in the creation of the army which to-day he commands. He is not yet sixty, yet he has been President of the National Defence Committee. He has influence with the Tsar, who has many times recognized the value of his work for the army. Like Sir John French he is a cavalryman, and the cavalry of his command have yearly grown in efficiency.

To the subtlety of his race he adds a breadth of vision which comes of his blood. No army in the field has had the use of so many first-rate military minds, and the Grand Duke is great enough to view their plans objectively in the light of his own tried knowledge, and to judge them dispassionately. That, perhaps, is his most distinctive gift—the ability to decide dispassionately. In no other area have operations been restricted so strictly to purely military objects. The proclamation to Poland was probably to offset those of the German and Austrian Staffs. In no other area have places with sentimental associations been so calmly surrendered, in order that the enemy's army might the more surely be reduced or destroyed. It is now known that Warsaw and the Vistula line were at first to be abandoned.

He is a fearless commander. Generous to talent, he has not hesitated to reprimand defaulters, even when they bear reputable names. Zhilinsky fell for the disaster of Tannenberg, and the commander who involved the Tenth Army in the defeat on the East Prussian front in February was told to his face that he was incompetent.

The Grand Duke's problem has been to fight the most tremendous struggle of his country with vast powers heavily shackled by want of munitions. Yet no one has observed the straining at the chain. Rather have smoothness and precision been the characteristics of many of the Russian operations. The Galician campaign in August and September went more smoothly than the 1870 campaign of the Prussians in France. Even the present retirement in the same area, in the face of a tremendous handicap, has been an example of tactical finesse. There is no cause for grave disturbance over reverses on the Eastern front in presence of so subtle and so resolute a captain.

Present-Day Problems.

PRESS CONTROL IN WAR TIME.

I.

TEN years ago, an article appeared in the "Times," written in response to an appeal from Lord Selborne to

his fellow countrymen, to study the problem of controlling the publication of naval and military news in war time, and citing a number of historical instances to prove how in the past the premature disclosure of a belligerent's plans or movements has marred their success. It was shown how Wellington with good cause deplored the indiscretions of the press; how Napoleon prohibited the publication of military movements. Sherman's celebrated march through Georgia to the sea was found to have been planned on information derived from the Confederate newspapers, while from the French papers, directly or indirectly, the German General Staff were proved to have acquired information of great value regarding such vital points as the enemy's strategical deployment, McMahon's concentration at Chalons, his retreat upon Rheims, and subsequent advance towards the Meuse. It was demonstrated how, within a week of the issue of the order which changed the direction of the German armies, Napoleon capitulated at Sedan.

On the other hand, the impenetrable mystery which, in the Russo-Japanese war, surrounded the movements of Admiral Togo's ships and Marshal Oyama's armies was traced to the loyalty and patriotism of the Japanese press.

Finally, it was explained that newspapers are but one of many sources of intelligence, and that much information is derivable from enemy despatches, captured correspondence, and intercepted telegrams. A quotation from von der Goltz showed clearly the importance of trifles. This demands the close study of every journalist, and may well be repeated:—

"An important medium for the Intelligence Department is, moreover, the Press, not only the great, but the small provincial Press. It is self-evident that even the best-informed paper neither could nor would make known, in its entirety, the positions of its own side. But even here what is worth knowing must be pieced together from a mass of detail. Other flashes of light have often so far illuminated the panorama of the enemy's positions that only a breath of wind is needed to rend asunder the thin enshrouding veil of mist. The presence of a high commander is noted, or a letter is published in which the writer mentions a division of troops and its station, or narrates a deed of arms, minutely describing all the circumstances, the regiments, and their commanders. Each detail, taken by itself, is absolutely valueless, but may yet serve as a valuable link in a chain that leads at last to a conclusion. Add thereto the interception of letters, the admissions of prisoners of war, the statements made by peasants or wayfarers, and exact and important conclusions are possible. The national Press in war time cannot be sufficiently warned to caution. The thirst for news, so far as it tends to disastrous effects, must be sternly suppressed, though, on the other hand, the legitimate anxiety of the country must be treated with consideration. It would be better to entrust reliable persons with the publication of news which the country should know, rather than, by attempting to close all sources of communication, to incite unqualified and unreliable persons to independent action."

The British Empire has now, for twelve months, been at war with the very nation which the author of the above words was striving to educate. The time is perhaps ripe to re-state the vital need for secrecy, and to examine the extent to which it has been realized by the Press. The original paper closed with a reference to the successful solution of the problem of Press control in time of war by Japan. The recent Balkan War has furnished another instance of its successful solution, by Bulgaria.

Speaking of correspondents with the Bulgarian Army, "A Journalist" says:—

"They were as remorselessly muzzled as though they had been convicted of rabies. . . . Of the

actual fighting they saw nothing. . . . All chance of individual activity was simply taken away from them. . . . Brilliant victories were announced in three-line bulletins; soldiers were forbidden to write home; none of those left behind knew what was happening to their nearest and dearest at the front. . . . No lists of dead and wounded were published. . . . The whole nation and every unit in it worked silently for victory, sinking all personal and private anxieties in a superb devotion to the common good."—"Fortnightly Review," April, 1913.)

The results of this rigid control of the Press are well set out in Howell's "Campaign in Thrace, 1912," and "Der Balkan Krieg, 1912-13," published by the German General Staff.

The Bulgarian forces were mobilized under the protection of the covering troops on the frontier. A bogus concentration of the First Army at Haskovo was carried out, this being the place where the Turks would naturally expect, from the peace dispositions of the Bulgarian Army, that the First Army would concentrate. As a matter of fact, while the whole First Army was sent through the Haskovo district, only one brigade detached from this army was really detained at that place, and remained there in order to preserve the illusion of the presence of the whole army.

The Second Army concentrated at Harmanli, east of Haskovo, while the first was secretly moved round from the Bulgarian extreme right to the extreme left flank, and concentrated at Kizil Agatch, east of Harmanli.

Meanwhile, the Third Army concentrated about Straldja, écheloned behind the Bulgarian left wing. The movements of the First and Second Armies in the front line completely concealed from the Turks the position of the powerful Third Army. Hence the Turks, already disconcerted by the unexpected appearance of the Bulgarian First Army in the east, when they had been expecting this force to concentrate in the west, and believed themselves to have been observing this very concentration taking place, were quite unable to take any counter-measures to meet the situation which developed on the outbreak of war.

War was precipitated by the Turks themselves at a time when their true interests demanded that they should procrastinate owing to the backward state of their preparations. The premature declaration was largely due to the clamor raised by politicians and the Press.

To quote from Howell, the representative of the "Times" with the Bulgarian Army:—

"Both in 1870 and 1912 the weaker and less ready side was then responsible for beginning the war some days earlier than its interests required. Whether in the long run this fact made much difference to the Turks is, of course, mere speculation. But it shows once again the dangers inherent in the ignorance of editors and politicians, and the necessity of ensuring beforehand some discipline amongst them when a national crisis is at hand, and naval or military interests are involved."

In the result, the whole scheme of Turkish defence was shattered in three days. The Bulgarian Third Army, the very existence of which was not suspected by the Turks, made its dramatic appearance. Kirk Kilisse was surprised and captured, Adrianople masked, and the Bulgarians at liberty, had they but known it, to chase the Turkish Army into Constantinople itself. But here the psychological moment was missed by the Bulgarian Commander-in-Chief. The success attained appears to have been more complete than had been expected, and Savoff still expected to find an undefeated mass of the Turkish Army behind the fleeing forces on his front. He therefore ordered his Third Army to cease pursuit, while the cavalry division was sent to locate the Turkish mass which, in fact, did not exist. The time gained

enabled the Turks to rally and make a stand on the banks of the Karagach River, where was fought the Battle of Lule Burgas—Bunar Hissar.

We have seen how, in this recent campaign, an undisciplined Press contributed to launch the Turks into war at a moment unfavorable to themselves. How a rigid control of the Press, and in particular of their unwelcome guests, the war correspondents from all the foreign capitals, enabled the Bulgarians to carry out their concentration and initial movements in secrecy, and thus to snatch an advantage from the outset, which decided the whole course of the war. One other example may be cited from this campaign to show how, with proper control, even the foreign Press may be made the means of conveying just that information to the enemy which a commander may wish him to receive. Such information may at times be wholly or partially false, at others wholly true. In the present instance, the Bulgarian Commander-in-Chief, having formed his plan of attack upon the Turkish Army, which had rallied on the front Lule Burgas—Bunar Hissar, selected as his agent the unsuspecting and credulous representative of a certain journal. He was allowed to see certain minor detachments marching in the direction of the Turkish right flank, which, by suggestion and his own credulity, were magnified into the Bulgarian main advance, "and the Press of all Europe was soon blazoning forth the news that the Bulgarians were pushing on to Midia and Visa, and that the right of the Turks was being turned." As a matter of fact, the Bulgarian commander's plan was to attack along the whole Turkish front with the Third Army, and to throw his First Army against the Turkish left flank, and to cut their communications. The Bulgarian plan succeeded almost too well, for the Turks, expecting the main attack on their right, had so strengthened this flank that the Bulgarian 5th Division could make no progress, and was for two days in a very critical situation. Eventually the Turkish centre and left were defeated, too soon to be caught by the enveloping move of the First Army. Struggling over bad roads, made almost impassable by heavy rains, this army was late in coming up, and thus what was very nearly a disaster ended in a tactical defeat for the Turkish Army, which succeeded in withdrawing on to the lines of Chatalja. The fact that weather and other reasons robbed the Bulgarians of some of the fruits of victory must not, however, be allowed to detract from the important rôle played in the preparation of this victory by the misleading information purposely conveyed to his enemy by the Bulgarian commander through the medium of the foreign Press.

TIERCEL.

[This survey of the possible dangers of newspaper intelligence in time of war comes from an authoritative source, and we publish it, without, however, accepting all the writer's conclusions.—ED., NATION.]

Letters from Abroad.

ITALY IN THE TRENCHES.

[The following letter was written by Lieutenant Domenico Palazzoli to Mr. Okey and a group of English friends.]

FROM THE TRENCHES,

MONTE ———

June 25th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

DEAREST FRIEND,—My memory often reverts in these mountain heights to you and to all my dear English friends. On these beautiful Alpine slopes the sons of

Italy are fighting bravely for the redemption of their brethren and for the liberties of Europe. My most ardent dreams have been realized. Do you recall the hours of doubt and of anxiety we lived together in London? I who know the heroism of the British Army, and count many of its members among my dearest friends—friends who, with me, both in Italy and in England, strove to bring about the long desired alliance—I am happier than I can say in being privileged to participate, however modestly, in this tremendous struggle against Teutonic tyranny, and I can bear witness that my fellow-citizens are proud to be able to strengthen the indissoluble ties of brotherhood that bind us to the noble British people. Ours is a war of eagles; a contest that rises to a sublime epic grandeur. We are fighting at an altitude of six thousand feet. The majestic Alps are our battlefield. From valley to valley, from one summit to another, in the air, in the sky, the war thunders forth, and, shaken by its fury, the very mountains seem to utter sobs of pain. A Dante, a Shakespeare, alone could represent the tremendous scene in all its awful grandeur.

And what can I say of our soldiers, of our *Alpini*? I should have to recount a thousand deeds of valor. Their steadfastness, their tenacity, their spirit of sacrifice, are unparalleled. We have been fighting since the outbreak of hostilities without a day's repose. We sleep but little; even our brief rest is broken by Austrian guns, and fighting goes on by night as well as by day. The Austrians are hard fighters; they are indefatigable; they employ their artillery well; they occupy formidable positions. They had studied carefully every detail, and possess a perfected technical machine, which is the result of decades of scientific preparation. One thing and one thing alone has Austria achieved well—her organization for a war with Italy. This has been the fixed idea; the dream of the dead Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and of the military and clerical parties in the Dual Monarchy. Amid all her defeats in Serbia and in Galicia, Austria has never relaxed, even in the minutest particular, any part of her imposing preparations for a war with Italy—preparations made to fall upon us when we were her Ally, and when we, faithful to the treaty of alliance, allowed our frontiers to remain unfortified.

A few days ago I and my company of *Alpini* executed a toilsome ascent of nine hours amid towering rocks. We had taken nothing but a little coffee, and when we had reached the appointed place, we attacked the Austrians with the bayonet without even five minutes' rest, for the military situation did not allow it. The enemy held positions above us; they fired on us from behind their entrenchments. But my soldiers, despite their fatigue, flung themselves with irresistible ardor on the Austrians, uttering their inspiring war cry of *Savioia! Savioia!* They appeared as if transfigured; the protecting deities of their native land had infused an invincible energy into their weary bodies; fasting, worn out by the long climb, they fought like lions until evening fell. They dislodged the Austrians from their hiding places, put them to flight, and entrenched themselves in impregnable positions. We suffered most grievous losses. My heroic battalion was decimated, and I cannot describe to you my grief at the loss of my soldiers, many of whom were fathers of large families, and all emigrants—men of lowly condition who had returned to fight for Italy. But we shall avenge our dead, and they will live eternally in the grateful memory of our people and of every free man; for they fell for divine liberty.

The enemy's insensibility is almost criminal. When we attempt by night to recover our and their wounded, who invoke help with groans that freeze the heart, the Austrians fire upon us with a savage glee, so that in order not to incur other losses, we are forced to abandon the poor wretches to their fate. The Austrians leave their dead unburied. Our officers have suffered severely; for, unlike the Austrians, who always take cover, Italian officers share every peril with their men, and even our superior officers expose themselves, as the major of my regiment does, to the enemy's fire.

You, dear friend, who are a well-known student of Italian affairs, and, as I had so many unforgettable proofs of during my mission in London, a tried friend

of my country—you will learn with sincere pleasure that Italy is taking part in this gigantic duel of nations in a manner worthy of her past history. Garibaldi, divine hero of heroes, appears to us in the starry night, a resplendent figure of dazzling beauty, erect on the highest summits. With flashing eyes and outstretched arms, he points, solemn as destiny, to the unredeemed lands of Italy, where stands, written in letters of fire, the story of the martyrdom of our brothers. And he promises victory to our arms. "Forward! Forward! O my Italy!" he seems to cry, "Flower of the nations, thou shalt enter the great drama of human history as the champion of the rights of peoples, even as thy great prophetic spirits, Dante and Mazzini, have foretold."—Yours, &c.,

DOMENICO PALAZZOLI.

Letters to the Editor.

CONSCRIPTION IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR—AND ELSEWHERE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I suppose I may take it that silence gives consent to Mr. Coulton's request that you should allow space for yet one more letter from each of us; so I am sending you this week my fourth and final contribution to this discussion, leaving the last word to him.

In my last letter, in hopes of arriving at a clear issue, I formulated what I understood to be the two main points at which he was driving, and endeavored—with what success your readers must judge—to show that none of his examples tended to establish either the one or the other. Without either repudiating or confirming my conjecture, he re-states what he calls his "main question" in the same form in which it appeared in his first letter of June 19th, namely, "Is there any single case in history of a State adopting compulsory service and becoming less free than it had been under the voluntary system?"—and complaining that I left it unanswered. My answer is that no answer was possible with reference to Roman history, because in that connection it is absolutely devoid of meaning. Nothing is more certain than that the principle of compulsory personal service, military and non-military, was coeval with the Roman State, and was never "adopted" in supercession of a pre-existing voluntary system. Certainly Mr. Coulton has never asserted anything of the kind, and we have been discussing throughout the reverse process, of transition from compulsion pure and simple to a mixture of compulsion and volunteering. It was, in fact, this very instance which Sir Henry Maine took as his starting-point when he enunciated his famous dictum as to the normal course of social development being from status to contract. However, lest I should seem ungrateful for the profusion of authorities previously unknown to me to which he has kindly drawn my attention, or insensible to his rebukes of my ignorance, I will, if you can afford me the necessary space, offer a few remarks on some of these newly-quoted authorities. Broadly speaking, they all present much the same picture as I had already in my mind from other sources. I have not consulted the History of Belgium that he recommends, because I never undertook to discuss that subject, and have not said a word about the Low Countries, still less quoted Hallam concerning them, though Mr. Coulton seems to think that I did. Neither do I propose to follow him into France and the Hundred Years War; I have enough to do to compress within reasonable limits what has to be said about Rome, medieval Italy, and America. As to Rome, the only edition of Pauly's "Real-Encyclopädie" in the British Museum going as far as "Delectus" was the first, and the article therein was evidently not the one referred to by our friend. All the other books about Rome to which he refers me I have consulted.

Mommsen, in a footnote to the passage referred to,

quotes so late a writer as Modestinus (A.D. 250) to the effect that it still in his time required a special law (*privilegium*) to exempt any one from military service. The whole passage shows that the direction of change from Marius downwards was to more and more indiscriminate admission to service in the legions (combined, when necessary, with compulsion) of the poorer classes of citizens. This is the line which any government, whether republican or monarchical, acting with a single eye to military efficiency, would naturally take. The obvious explanation of the exclusive policy of the dominant plutocracy in the pre-Marian period is that they were more afraid of the advance of democracy than of the public enemy; and this explanation is given in effect by M. F. de Coulanges ("Revue des Deux Mondes," 1870, p. 306). Mommsen also makes it clear that the legions (as distinguished from *auxilia*) continued to the last to be composed exclusively of Roman citizens; if they had not the franchise already, it was conferred on them on enlistment. The recruiting field was enlarged, not by admission of non-citizens, but by extension of citizenship. Mr. Coulton may, if he chooses, call these full citizens, entering the army as a profession, mercenaries; but he is not entitled to put that term of disparagement into the mouth of Herodian by mistranslating the Greek term, which means simply "paid," without any dyslogistic implication.

Lavissee (vol. of 1899, p. 60) fully confirms what I said as to the patriotism of these "mercenaries," even when they were of barbarian origin, and even against men of their own race, so far as the external defence of the Empire was concerned. He does, it is true, call them mercenaries, and notes that this kind of patriotism coincided with their interest, that (like many other powerful bodies) they looked sharply after their material interests, and that the lack of sympathy between them and the civil population was a great evil. He does not suggest, nor would it be reasonable to suggest, that this had anything to do with the question whether they happened to be voluntarily or compulsorily enlisted, nor that the only or the best remedy for the general lack of spirit outside the camps of the legions would have been the compulsory military training of the whole population. This would have been to confuse cause with effect.

The same writer tells us (1902, p. 30), speaking of the Imperial period generally, that volunteers were taken in the first instance, and, if these did not suffice, resort was had to enforced enrolment. Otto Seeck goes more deeply into the causes of the decay of the ancient world, among which causes the absence of a half-trained compulsory militia does not figure. He shows, on the other hand (p. 240), that while, in the Republican period, "many causes contributed to the decay of the small proprietors in Italy, undoubtedly military service was one of the weightiest."

With regard to mediæval Italy, I never said that "the adoption of compulsory service synchronized with the loss of liberty," nor did I think of denying "the notorious fact of the rise of the mercenary"; on the contrary, I took pains to contrast the true mercenary of the fourteenth century with the paid professional soldier serving his own country, to whom I considered that the term was not properly applicable.

Coming now to America, we have at last a case in which our friend's "main question" has a meaning, and admits of an answer, and the answer is a very simple one. The Americans themselves undoubtedly considered that in adopting compulsory service they became for the time being less free. The question was argued out among them on that footing; they decided, rightly or wrongly, that a temporary sacrifice of freedom was absolutely necessary for its permanent preservation; they made the sacrifice during rather less than two years; they put a stop to it the moment the war was over, and not once during the subsequent fifty years have they given the slightest encouragement to any proposal for establishing any sort of conscription in time of peace. I am indebted to Mr. Coulton for strengthening my case by his reminder that the way was prepared for the victories of Vicksburg and Gettysburg by the reorganization of the (purely volunteer) army of the Potomac during the winter of 1863. I have not troubled to refer to his authority, Ropes, because the point is quite sufficiently emphasized in Greeley's "History," which I happen to have at hand. It does

not in any way conflict with my statement that there was no visible improvement in the situation until July (not June). The facts visible to the public, and on which the recruiting would naturally depend, were that this reorganized army met with a severe check at Chancellorsville, which was followed by Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, and that matters seemed to be at a deadlock before Vicksburg. It is common ground between us that some action was required which would convince the public that the resolution of the Government was unshaken, and that the war was going to be fought to a finish with greater vigor than before. The Enrolment Act passed in March was one way of proving this, and I do not deny that from this point of it may have had considerable effect; but other and perhaps more effective methods were being employed at the same time, and among them the improvement of the discipline of the armies already in the field, and the stern weeding out of incapables. Thus a bad general (Burnside) was superseded by a less bad one (Hooker), and he, in his turn, by a distinctly good one (Meade), and it is reasonable to attribute to these measures a very large share in the result. Our own present position is so far similar that the British public, or a portion of it, needs to be convinced in some striking fashion that the Government is resolved to shrink from no effort and no sacrifice in order to win; but this leaves quite open the question, whether one particular measure, compulsory enlistment, is more likely to help than to hinder the desired result.

On the question whether the admitted fact, that conscription was a failure in the South towards the close of the war, was due to there being no more men to be pressed, or to the lack of power to enforce the law, I prefer the testimony of the official employed to enforce it, reporting at the time to his own Government, to that of the Foreign Secretary of the Federal Government; and his testimony is, as already quoted, that "there were men enough in the country."

My opponent seems to pity my condition of mind as shown by thinking of the Greek and Roman city-states together. I do so when it is a question of dealing with certain common fallacies, which consist in arguing by way of analogy from their experience to the radically different conditions of the great modern States; as for instance, when Athens is held up by way of either warning or encouragement to modern democrats, in forgetfulness of the fact that it was not a democracy at all in the modern sense, the whole of the class represented by our Labor Party being slaves, and a very large portion of the trading class being voteless *metics*; or when, to come nearer to our present subject, the Roman Republic of 150 or 100 B.C. is described as "free," in the same breath and for the purpose of the same argument, as the French Republic or the United States of America.

In conclusion, as this long discussion has been somewhat embarrassed by a loose use of leading terms, I will respectfully ask my opponent to define in his reply the following:—

1. *Mercenary*; stating particularly whether it applies to the British troops in Flanders.
2. *Free*; as applied to political constitutions and the peoples governed by them.
3. *Defensive and Aggressive*; whether meant in the military or in the ethical sense in the paragraph about citizen-armies in his last letter. If in the military sense, since most of our wars, however righteous, will have to be waged in the future, as now, overseas, a militia for home defence only will be of very little use. If in the ethical, how will exclusive reliance on a half-trained militia help us to decide rightly whether it is or is not our duty to fight, or help us to win if we do fight?—Yours, &c.,

ROLAND K. WILSON.

July 28th, 1915.

THE CONDUCT OF WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“The Real Inefficiency of Germany.” The article under this heading, in your issue of July 3rd, with its sympathetic treatment of my “Reflections of a Non-

Combatant," gives me a welcome opportunity of endeavoring, if you can allow me the space, to elucidate one of the main points of my book—that which is set forth in Chapter III., "Krieg ist Krieg."

First of all, I may observe that some of my critics, in a perfectly friendly spirit, have reproached me with setting forth my theme without a distinct statement of my own views thereon, leaving those somewhat a matter of conjecture. To this I would answer quite frankly that, as a writer, I never suppose my readers to be interested in my own opinions as such; it is the question itself, with all its bearings, that alone seems to me worthy of their attention; and, as Lord Morley, in a memorable speech, once replied to those who accused him of inconsistency with his past utterances, that he would not take up the time of the House for even ten minutes to justify his own character for consistency, so neither should I feel myself justified, when I have set down a problem just as it faced me, or suggested its solution, just as it appeared to me, in calling away the notice of my readers, and interrupting their own process of reflection, by an explanation of my own particular sentiments. I am so firmly convinced that truth is the reward of honest and independent thought, that I had far rather stimulate such in the minds of those who read me, than draw attention to my own views. It is therefore only under this protest that I here make any reference to them.

Your writer of July 3rd says: "Miss Petre sometimes appears to think that the tempering of patriotism by wider human considerations may put (the nations that adopt them) at a disadvantage in the struggle."

I have said that such nations are, indeed, at "a temporary disadvantage," though "the future is for them." That is to say that a nation which, in its conduct of war, is influenced purely by military expediency, and throws every other consideration to the winds, has an advantage, in the prosecution of war, against those who halt between the laws of a brute struggle and the laws of human life; that a nation, whose diplomacy is directed unscrupulously to its own aggrandisement, has an advantage against those who halt between the dicta of political expediency and the dicta of truth.

Can we deny, for instance, that the use of asphyxiating bombs served our enemy a good turn on the fields of Flanders, at least at one critical moment; or that their ruthless and unscrupulous treatment of the civil population of Belgium has cowed that population into temporary quiescence, whatever may be the result in years to come? I do say, with that regret which is ever excited by beholding the wicked flourish as a bay-tree, that in war, militarism, pure and simple, seems to attain its own sad ends. And I fear, too, that the longer the war lasts, the more will such methods inevitably prevail on all sides.

I shall be answered that this will be by way of reprisals. That is only true in part. Neither France nor England would, I believe, as nations, adopt a system of horrors simply by way of revenge—be cruel because their enemy was cruel. A maddened soldiery may repay their foe in kind, but I have sufficient pride in my own country, and in my second country of loving adoption, in England and in France, to believe that they will never copy the methods of their enemy simply for the sake of vengeance, but only in so far as those methods prove, from the military point of view, efficient.

Here, however, though to some it will appear unnecessary, I would wish to accentuate the distinction I made in my book between the ruthlessness that is subservient to a military purpose, and the cruelty that is simply wanton. For the latter there is no excuse, save the melancholy one that, when the brute in man is unchained, it will act as may be expected. In so far as such cruelty is deliberately permitted by those whose duty it is to check it, an indelible stain rests on the reputation of their country.

But to return to my main theme; I must now admit that I have not yet said in regard to "Krieg ist Krieg" all that my book indicates. For I have there not only suggested that a disregard for humane conventions may contribute to the successful prosecution of a war, and even to lessening the sum of horrors by reducing its length; but I have also asked whether the attempt to soften a trial of brute strength

be not an attempt to civilize the uncivilizable—and whether all the regulations of the Red Cross, even if faithfully observed on every side, avail to do more than piece a lace edging on to a mantle soaked in blood, or scratch the surface of a huge block of terror and force.

On this point your writer holds that such modifications of warfare as civilization introduces are a beginning of salvation. As a friend wrote to me, "If we cannot kill the brute outright, let us at least clip his claws." And Monsieur Loisy writes to me, on the same point, that German war may be "la perfection de la brutalité, mais pas la perfection de la guerre en tant que celle-ci est un moyen humain de résoudre des conflits par ailleurs insolubles."

To all this I would reply that certainly a war regulated, checked, and even hindered in its successful prosecution by humane conventions is, in itself, better than a war not so regulated, but that there is also the danger of giving a fair face to an evil thing, and of perpetuating savagery under a cloak of civilization. Therefore, I maintain that such humane regulations are chiefly encouraging as a proof that War is beginning to be ashamed of her own naked reality; but I believe that they would be eventually an evil, and not a good, if they perpetuated her existence as a decent member of society. I would rather that her bare ugliness contributed to her rapid extinction than that her improved appearance procured for her a prolonged lease of existence. I do, furthermore, believe that modern warfare, contrary to what has sometimes been said, is showing itself more hopelessly uncivilizable than earlier forms of warfare; and I am not sure that the Germans, by proving this, are not doing a certain service to posterity. Yet this does in no way impugn my second and more essential theme, that it is the countries that endeavor to force into warfare elements incompatible with its true nature that are on the winning side in the great advance of human life as a whole. They may believe that they are civilizing warfare; they are really helping to get rid of it. The worst evil is done by those who are responsible for the making of a war.

And here, obviously, I am landed in a position where I must not only accept, but be grateful for, the disapproval of a certain school. For those who regard war as a not only inevitable, but an actually desirable factor of human life, in all its stages, and for ever and for ever, my book has no message. We may, roughly, make up three classes of opinion on the militarist question. First, we have the one to which I have just referred—the war parties of the world—for whom war is a good in itself, in spite of certain accidental evils.

Next we have those who regard it as an evil, but a permanently inevitable one. With this class I have sympathy, but not entire agreement.

Lastly, we have those who regard it as an inevitable evil under certain circumstances, but as an evil for whose eventual abolition we have a right to hope. And to this class I myself belong. I believe that war is unavoidable until we reach a higher stage of development; I believe that the evils of war are a lesser evil than dishonor or disloyalty or the loss of freedom; I believe that war produces an abundant crop of heroism and self-sacrifice in the midst of its horrors; I believe that this war should be fought with all our might and main to a successful conclusion; but I also believe that mankind is on the way, though not at the goal, of its abolition.

To those who will urge that brute force will ever be the last deciding factor I reply that it is not so even now; for, if it were, we should be waiting on animals, and not then on us. Intellect is, even *hic et nunc*, far more than physical force, the supreme deciding factor.

And how many other factors there are ever at work in the shaping of humanity! Though we cannot prophesy the outcome of future developments, can any of us possibly be so dogmatic as to assert that the present scenes of brutality are to be a lasting recurrence in human life?

But here new vistas open, and this letter might grow into a volume. I will end, therefore, by saying, in a few words, what kind of military general I would aim at being, were such my calling and profession. I would repress with all possible sternness every act of wanton and needless cruelty, whether to man or beast. I would allow of no breaches of conventions that have been established for the

mutual advantage of both contending parties, and whose betrayal would lead to retaliation and consequent useless suffering. I would forbid such methods of warfare as inflicted on the whole world harm out of all proportion to the advantage gained to one's own side, such as poisoning wells and streams; but, for the rest, *I would guide my conduct by military considerations only, and would fight to win.*

And now, sir, I have said enough of my own views to last a long while, and beg to remain—Yours, &c.,

M. D. PETRE.

Mulberry House, Storrington.

MAGIC AND SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—That a great deal of so-called magic was the result of a comprehension of natural phenomena which we are slowly discovering by the operations of science has long been apparent to anthropologists. But direct proofs are not readily forthcoming. I have collected some of these possible proofs, but I do not think any of them are quite so remarkable as the following passages from the Mabinogion Welsh traditions of the tenth century, which seem to point unmistakably to the operation of wireless telegraphy:—

"1. Three plagues fell on the island of Britain. . . The first was a certain race that came, and was called the Coranians; and so great was their knowledge that there was no discourse upon the face of the Island, however low it might be spoken, but what, *if the wind met it*, it was known to them.

"2. The two brothers Lludd and Lleuelys 'took counsel together to discourse on the matter otherwise than thus, *in order that the wind might not catch their words* nor the Coranians know what they might say. Then Lleuelys caused a long horn to be made of brass, and through this horn they discoursed. But whatsoever words they spoke through this horn one to the other, neither of them could hear any other but harsh and hostile words. And when Lleuelys saw this, and that there was a demon thwarting them and disturbing through this horn, he caused wine to be put therein to wash it. And through the virtue of the wine the demon was driven out of the horn. And when their discourse was unobstructed . . ."

These passages occur in "the story of Lludd and Lleuelys," and they seem sufficiently curious to warrant a request for some criticism of my suggestion from the technical science side. Sir John Rhys kindly tells me that the translation from the Welsh text is quite accurate. He has alluded to these passages in his "Celtic Folklore," vol. 1, pp. 195-6, where he draws attention to an account of Welsh fairies, printed in 1813, in which it is stated that "the fairies knew whatever was spoken in the air without the houses, not so much what was spoken in the houses.—Yours, &c.,

LAURENCE GOMME.

The Mound, Long Crendon, Bucks,
July 23rd, 1915.

WOMEN AND TRADE UNIONISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We are all alive to the danger involved in the entrance of large numbers of women into new trades hitherto monopolized by men, that they may be forced to accept low wages and poor conditions, and thus suffer themselves severely and also bring upon women the reproach of lowering the whole status of the particular trade or process in which they are employed.

Under these circumstances it is imperative that an effort should be made to persuade them to join a responsible trade union. This is especially necessary in the engineering trade, where the number of new workers is largest, and the industrial danger, therefore, greatest. It seems very important for the sake of the women's movement and for our position in industry that women should not get the unfair reputation among working men of cheapening every

trade to which they gain entrance. Nothing but a strong woman's trade union can avert this calamity.

The Electric and Machine Workers' Union, which is a well-established and well-known union in the engineering trade (affiliated to the Manchester District Women's Trade and Labor Council) is making a special effort to organize these new workers. Such a campaign, if it is to be effective, involves employing the services of special organizers. A highly-qualified woman, now working in the trade, who has for years done trade union work in her spare time, is willing to undertake this very difficult task, and the union wish to take her away from her present employment and guarantee her a weekly wage of 25s. for a year. The Committee have themselves voted half this amount, and will also have to meet organizing, travelling, and printing expenses. Their funds have already suffered from last winter's heavy out-of-work payments, and they venture to appeal to friends in the women's movement especially interested in the present industrial situation, who may be willing to help them to meet this sudden and unexpected call on their resources, as this is, after all, a question that concerns all progressive women. I shall be most grateful for any contributions of any amount.—Yours, &c.,

EVA GORE BOOTH,

Co-Secretary Women's Trade Council.

33, Fitzroy Square, London, W., July 26th, 1915.

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Has not Mr. Gales shifted his ground? He now passes from Sacramentalism and the Sacraments to certain speculative questions with regard, not to the fact, but to the *How*, or precise manner of happening, of the Birth and Resurrection of Christ. And he asks me whether the present Gospel for Christmas Day will be read in the church of the future, and whether the Christmas Festival will still be observed. I am not a prophet; but I think it probable that an affirmative answer may be given to each of these questions. I must add, however, that I fail to find in this particular Gospel—St. John I., 1-15—any reference to the points now under discussion among theologians with regard either to the Resurrection or the Virgin Birth.—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Rev. R. L. Gales asks "what are we to understand by a reasonable and spiritual Christianity which has the certain promise of the future?" And he appears to think that Christianity must at least include an orthodox interpretation of the prologue of the Fourth Gospel, failing which we cannot properly keep Christmas Day.

Probably some will always accept that standpoint, but a reasonable and spiritual Christianity will care more for the religion of Jesus than for dogmas about Him. It will recognize that the foundation of this teaching was the doctrine of God's Fatherhood and the filial relation of men to Him, and that to do the will of the Father rather than any law lord is the whole duty of man. A spiritual religion will stand for a quality of life instead of dogma, and while practising faith, hope, and love, and fostering true brotherhood, will perceive that these essentials can be preserved while the forms of thought change as knowledge grows from more to more. Such a Christianity, which certainly has a future, will not rest on the cosmology of Genesis, the demonology of the New Testament, or even on Greek metaphysics.

The members of this league, which is founded on the above principles, are gathered in from all churches, and they find that true spiritual fellowship does not require full intellectual agreement.—Yours, &c.,

E. CAPLETON.

The Liberal Christian League, 28, Red Lion Square,
High Holborn, W.C., July 27th, 1915.

"THE CASE OF BULGARIA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you permit me to comment upon the interesting article from the pen of Sir Edwin Pears in your issue of the 24th inst? Carried away by his desire to see Bulgaria join in the war—a desire which we all share—Sir Edwin apparently feels that Greece and Serbia have no rights whatever. "Bulgaria," he tells us, "knows her own mind"; she has nothing to do with the provision of legitimate compensation for the other Balkan States. It is not her concern whether, if Serbia and Greece surrender territory which belongs to them by right of conquest, they ever receive a *quid pro quo* elsewhere. In other words, Bulgaria cares not what becomes of anybody else, she is unconcerned with humanitarian or sentimental considerations or fair play, so long as she can remedy her past military and diplomatic blunders and enter into possession of her self-created mess of pottage in Central Macedonia. This, coming from a recognized lover of Bulgaria, is instructive. I must confess that it does not seem calculated to entitle the Bulgars either to respect or admiration.

Sir Edwin Pears describes the Greeks as not knowing their own mind, stigmatizes the politicians of Greece as "only too willing to follow the Kaiser's lead, as understood by the King," and her army as unwilling to fight. I fear that he is mistaken. For years the Greeks have been criticized because of a too clear conception of their national "irredenta." The Kaiser's influence is limited to the fact that he doubtless keeps the Greek Court well aware of the might of his legions. The Greek army is willing to fight provided it knows what it is fighting for, and is assured that its efforts will involve an extension and not a reduction of Hellenic soil. Kavalla was bought at too great a cost to be lightly abandoned without assurance of any compensation. Greece was very near the brink of intervention in the spring—she is not far away from it now. Her people are heart and soul in sympathy with Britain and France, and only the most reasonable of guarantees are necessary to bring her in on our side. She adopts no cynical attitude. She does not demand that we should give up Cyprus, which is Greek, as it is suggested that she should unconditionally surrender Kavalla, for which she fought, and which is not Bulgarian. She merely demands protection against a hostile neighbor and an indication of her portion in the event of victory. She, at any rate, is not prepared to sell her aid to whichever side will pay her price. And I doubt whether her attitude would have been any different had a Russian Grand Duchess been King Constantine's wife instead of his mother.

In 1913 a difference arose between Bulgaria, Greece, and Serbia with regard to the division of the spoils taken from Turkey. The Governments of these three countries agreed to proceed to Petrograd and discuss the matter. Then, suddenly, and without a declaration of war, Bulgaria fell upon her quondam allies at dead of night and ushered in a bloody and disastrous conflict. Bulgaria lost, and suffered the inevitable penalty for her misdemeanor. Now she stands in our way, and allows it to be understood that the Greeks will risk attack from her if they come to our aid. From the very commencement of the war she has acted in a distinctly hostile manner towards our ally Serbia, and consequently towards us, whereas Greece has repeatedly strained neutrality to the utmost in order to help Serbia. Bulgaria wishes to seize the opportunity presented by her geographical position to force us to filch hardly-won territory from our ally and our friend, irrespective of whether we shall be able to offer them any compensation; and, as far as I know, we have no assurance that she would join our forces until such time as our decisive victory renders that action one of secondary importance. Sir Edwin Pears calls this an "act of justice." I have a much uglier word for it.—Yours, &c.,

CRAWFORD PRICE.

London, July 27th, 1915.

[The moral of the situation is obviously a re-knitting of the Balkan League on the basis of fair play for all the nations concerned. Is this impossible? And is not the Entente the only power through which this end can come?—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

BATTLE.*

HILL-BORN.

I SOMETIMES wonder if it's really true
I ever knew
Another life
Than this unending strife
With unseen enemies in lowland mud,
And wonder if my blood
Thrilled ever to the tune
Of clean winds blowing through an April noon
Mile after sunny mile
On the green ridges of the Windy Gile.

BACK.

They ask me where I've been,
And what I've done and seen;
But what can I reply
Who know it wasn't I,
But someone just like me,
Who went across the sea,
And with my head and hands
Killed men in foreign lands, . . .
Though I must bear the blame
Because he bore my name?

HIT.

Out of the sparkling sea
I drew my tingling body clear, and lay
On a low ledge the livelong summer day,
Basking, and watching lazily
White sails in Falmouth Bay.

My body seemed to burn
Salt in the sun that drenched it through and
through
Till every particle glowed clean and new,
And slowly seemed to turn
To lucent amber in a world of blue . . .

I felt a sudden wrench—
A trickle of warm blood—
And found that I was sprawling in the mud
Among the dead men in the trench.

IN THE AMBULANCE.

"Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly-greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans."

That's what he is muttering,
Making such a song,
Keeping other chaps awake
The whole night long.

Both his legs are shot away,
And his head is light;
So he keeps on muttering
All the blessed night—

"Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly-greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans."

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

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The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "J'Accuse." By A German. Translated by Alexander Grey. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)
 "The Political Economy of War." By F. W. Hirst. (Dent. 5s. net.)
 "A Defence of Aristocracy." By Anthony M. Ludovici. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Life of John Edward Nassau Molesworth, D.D." By Sir Guilford L. Molesworth. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "The Jacket." By Jack London. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)
 "Salute to Adventurers." By John Buchan. (Nelson. 6s.)

SOME time ago I mentioned the influence which the war is having upon historical studies. This is shown by the much larger space given to historical works in the publishers' lists both here and in America. Many of these books are, of course, decidedly partisan in tone, but a fair proportion of them are competently done, and give readers unbiassed accounts of the past development of the different European nations. This is certainly a gain to the world of books. Even in France, where publishing has been so greatly curtailed since the war began, the same tendency is visible. The firm of Delagrave, for example, has just started a "Bibliothèque d'Histoire et de Politique," under the general editorship of M. E. Denis, whose book, "La Guerre," has been already praised in THE NATION. M. Denis has himself written the first volume, which deals with Serbia, and it will be followed next month by a book by M. Pingaud on "La Politique Étrangère de l'Italie," from the achievement of Italian independence down to our own days. M. Pingaud is one of the chief permanent officials in the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and he takes the view that the four motives which have moulded Italian foreign politics have been the Roman question, irredentism, the problems connected with the Italian colonies and the Mediterranean, and the determination of Italians that their country should be treated as one of the great European Powers.

I HEAR ON good authority that there is in preparation a volume of memoirs in which will be found a fuller account than has yet appeared in English of Frau Krupp von Bohlen, the daughter of the late Friedrich Krupp, who inherited the great Essen factories. The incongruity of this gigantic factory for the output of engines of death and destruction having passed under the control of a young girl has roused a good deal of curiosity regarding "Fraulein Berta's" personality.

By one of those vexatious coincidences which occur only too often in the world of books two different writers, Mr. J. J. Foster and Mr. W. H. Helm, have been simultaneously engaged on books dealing with Madame Vigée Le Brun. Mr. Helm's volume is to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson, and will be called "The Life and Works of Madame Vigée Le Brun," while Mr. Foster's will bear the title of "Madame Vigée Le Brun and Some of Her Sitters." Furthermore, each author has taken great pains in preparing a *catalogue raisonné* of Madame Le Brun's pictures. The coincidence is less surprising than that no adequate account of Madame Le Brun has yet appeared in English. Her six hundred and sixty portraits include most of the famous people of her generation from Marie Antoinette and George IV. to Madame de Staël and Caroline Bonaparte. Her "Souvenirs," originally begun as letters to her friend, Princess Kourakin, take rank among the best French memoirs. They cover a period of nearly eighty years, and for English readers they have the special interest that they give an entertaining account of the life of the French *émigrés* in London at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

MADAME LE BRUN is not usually classed among the famous Frenchwomen whose salons were such a feature of the life of the eighteenth century, but Mr. Austin Dobson draws attention in a pleasant essay to this form of her activities. Her parties were more frequented by artists,

musicians, and men and women of the theatre than by statesmen and men of letters. They were already famous before the Revolution, and were resumed on her return to Paris after Napoleon's death. Even during her stay in England she managed to gather round her quite a number of notabilities. Chief among them was George IV., then Prince of Wales, who condescended to say of her rooms in Maddox Street that "he looked in elsewhere; but there he stayed." Another of her admirers was that cosmopolitan man of the world, the Prince de Ligne.

COMMONPLACE books are rather out of fashion in these days, though the anthology, which is but a variant of the type, enjoys a greater vogue than at any time in the past. There is something to be said, not merely for keeping commonplace books, but even for publishing them. It is a form of reading by deputy, or, at any rate, of choosing by deputy what is to be read, and in the hands of a capable guide the result is often satisfactory. Lord Brassey's "Faith and Work: Selections from the Gleanings of Long Years," recently published by Messrs. Longman, is an example of of commonplace book which bears the distinct mark of its compiler's personality. It was originally intended for private circulation, but it has now been issued to the public in order to raise funds for some of the war charities. The "gleanings" all deal with religious subjects, and most of them are taken from writers of Lord Brassey's generation. Jowett is largely represented, and so is Dr. Stopford Brooke, while Robertson, of Brighton, Newman, Phillips Brooks, Carlyle, and Tennyson are all drawn upon to a considerable extent. Among other writers who are still living, it is interesting to notice that Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan, Lord Haldane, Lord Morley, Mr. J. A. Spender, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and the leader columns of the "Times" are each responsible for a single extract.

A LITERARY essayist would find a good subject in the history of the commonplace book. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is one in almost everything except form, but the golden age of the commonplace book was the latter half of the eighteenth century. Perhaps the example on the most extended scale that has ever been given to the public is Southey's "Commonplace Book," which was issued by his son-in-law in four bulky volumes in 1849. Though far from Johnson's ideal of a book "that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand," the work still finds readers. This is due to the amazing range of authors from whom Southey quotes. Probably no other Englishman of letters ever read so widely, or was a more devoted bookman. "Books," he wrote to Caroline Bowles, "are all but everything to me I live with them and by them, and might almost say for them and in them." Another commonplace book deserving notice is the "Note-Books" of Matthew Arnold, which were published with a preface by Mrs. Woodhouse in 1902.

COMMONPLACE books have had their detractors as well as their admirers among the famous names in the history of literature. The most distinguished of the former was Dr. Johnson. In No. 74 of "The Idler" he warns his readers both against the use of marginal notes and commonplace books. "Why, any part of a book," he remarks, "which can be consulted at pleasure, should be copied, I was never able to discover." Bacon, on the other hand, while declaring that he was "not ignorant of the prejudice imputed to the rise of commonplace books," is strong in their defence. Locke has given an account of the elaborate system on which his own commonplace books were constructed and indexed, and Gibbon tells us that he kept a commonplace book on the same model as Locke's, but adds that it is "a practice which I do not strenuously recommend." Thomas Fuller was less reserved in his defence of the method. In "The Holy and Profane State" he maintains that "a commonplace book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning." In these hurried days, when the art of letter-writing has almost vanished, it is unlikely that many people, outside the ranks of those who live by their pens, indulge in the luxury of keeping commonplace books.

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Reviews.

THE PATRIOT MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA.

"Russia and the Great War." By GREGOR ALEXINSKY.
Translated by BERNARD MIALL. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

WE recommend all those who under-value, not merely the Russian contribution to the war, but the importance of Russia's political association with Western democracy, to read M. Gregor Alexinsky's "Russia and the Great War." M. Alexinsky is a Russian Socialist of the medium party which has resisted the anti-war policy of the extremists. This policy is crystallized in the formula "The Fear of Victory," the victory, that is to say, of Russian bureaucracy over its German prototype. M. Alexinsky resists it on the ground that the real enemy, both in Russia and in Europe, is Germany, whose domination involves the definite triumph of everything in Russia which keeps her weak, backward, and poor. The interest of this book lies in its evidence that with the object of giving Russia her full chance in European society all that is best in Russia passionately desires the co-operation of British and French democracy and the failure of the pro-German element. This element has its roots in the Germanized bureaucracy, has had its friends at Court, and was most powerful when it was led by the late M. Witte, the creator of the monopoly in alcohol. No observer of the Russian situation can doubt its existence or its formidable power of intrigue and agitation. It associates itself largely with the landlord classes in the Baltic provinces and even in the army. In 1902 a Russian writer estimated that there were 144 general officers of the Russian army who were Germans of the Protestant profession, and 180 in 1905, without counting generals of German origin who had become orthodox. Among these officers, says M. Rubakin, were counted the most "savage reactionaries." In the Press this Pro-German element finds representation in such papers as the organ of the Black Hundreds (the "Russkoe Znamia"), which praises Germany as the "incarnation of a national power," and hopes that she will succeed in changing France from a Republic to a Monarchy. The same paper justified the German execution of Russian students in Belgium, for the sole reason that they were Jews. This is the party which desires to separate Russia from the Allies and to conclude a treacherous peace with Germany. It has, one hopes, received a crushing blow in the union of the Tsar, the Panslavist Party, and the Progressives, which gave birth to a Ministry resting, in some degree, on a Parliamentary policy.

M. Alexinsky does not disguise his belief that the reaction has had much to do with the comparative failure of Russian diplomacy and even of Russian arms. In the sphere of administration it has succeeded in nullifying the Grand Duke Nicholas's proclamation to the Poles. It is responsible for the senseless repression of national feeling and institutions which marked the Russian governorship of Galicia, where it succeeded in alienating not only the Poles and the Jews but the Ruthenians, and in feeding the pro-Austrian reaction. M. Alexinsky suspects it of downright treachery to the Russian State no less than to the compact among the members of the Entente. Its endeavor to chill the wonderful renaissance of Russian patriotism is not open to doubt. No adequate record of this latter movement has yet reached Western Europe. We have heard of the manifesto to the Poles. But the Tsar's proclamation to the Armenian people, his visits to the Caucasus, to the Armenian cathedral at Tiflis, and to the chief centres of the Russian Armenians, have passed almost unnoticed. Not less important was the invitation to the Zemstvos, the municipalities, the Universities, the scientific societies, and other private associations to organize the hospitals and ambulance service. Students subscribed their pence to help the families of reservists, volunteered for ambulance work, and flocked to the railway stations to empty the trains of their wounded. What the reactionary party in the government—now we may hope in some subjection—could do to stifle these national activities

was done. It suppressed the moderate Opposition press and dissolved the "Free Society for Economic Studies" in Petrograd, which had helped to alleviate the miseries of the war. But it is not possible to believe that it has stayed, or can stay, the generous flow of feeling which prompted the people of scores of communes and villages in many governments to sow and reap the crops and cut the wood of soldiers at the front, and to sustain their families. In many districts, says M. Alexinsky, the peasants took it on themselves to finish all the work left over by the departing reservists. "Identifying itself with the destinies of the dear defenders of their country, the commune of Alexandrovka has decided to gather the harvests in the fields of the reservists called to the colors, and to beg them to accept the assurance that their families will not be left without support." The spirit of the Russian people was not merely charitable and neighborly. It was allied with definite social and moral ends. Thus it pressed the Government on to the great step in social reform which resulted in the abolition of the State monopoly in alcohol:—

"It must be understood that the initiative of this measure came from the people itself. For a long time the more thoughtful elements of the population have demanded the cessation of the sale of alcohol by the State. But the Government ignored these demands, and continued to draw hundreds of millions of roubles from the intoxication and brutalization of the masses of the people, taking no notice of the resolutions forwarded by the municipalities and rural communes concerning the abolition of the vodka traffic. The only means of action remaining to those who strove to combat alcoholism was a moral propaganda. And in this connection we have of late years witnessed an interesting phenomenon: in the various Russian cities 'abstainers' clubs' have been formed, managed by *Bratzy*, or 'little brothers,' whose members give a solemn promise to abstain from the consumption of alcoholic drinks."

The same fervor and elevation of spirit extended to the army. In contrast with the drunkenness and lassitude which marked the Japanese War was the absolute sobriety of the soldiers departing for the front. "In the present war," says M. Alexinsky, "the Russian appears to us, not as a beast of burden, but as a man who understands for what cause he is fighting and dying, and who believes that cause is a just cause." This is not the psychology of Jingoism, for nothing is more alien from the Russian character. It is the result, says M. Alexinsky, of the "humanitarian propaganda" of the advanced parties among the peasantry and town workmen. "It is incontestable that the German soldier has a better general education, and that he has passed through the public schools. But the Russian soldier has passed through the school of the Revolution."

This revelation of the mind and will of the Russian people, while anti-German in feeling and conception, is by no means identified, in M. Alexinsky's case, with extreme ideas about peace. Progressists of his type do not oppose the view of Russia as an emancipating power in Slav Europe. But they reject a policy of territorial expansion towards the west. Thus they are averse from the acquisition of Austrian Galicia or Prussian Poland, and unite with English Liberals in desiring international free trade—even with Germany—and a neutralization of Constantinople rather than its annexation to the Empire. The peace at which this party aims would realize itself in such arrangements as a liberated Belgium, an autonomous or independent Poland, and a general invitation to annexed nationalities, like the people of Alsace-Lorraine, to "dispose of themselves in freedom." If the war sees these aspirations defeated, "it will be a vast 'bluff,' a world-wide fraud, an abominable outrage and insult to all the millions of dead who will have given their lives for a cause which they believed to be just and noble." Russia, by virtue of her natural genius and the predominance of agriculture, looks to the intensive culture of her own undeveloped and thinly-peopled soil rather than to a capitalistic exploitation of other lands. When German Imperialism has been beaten, and its scheme of dominating Oriental and non-German Europe annulled, this policy of peaceful evolution will find its political counterpart in a new Holy Alliance of Western and Eastern

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democracy. At the outbreak of the war it seemed as if this would follow the remarkable union of Russian nationalities in which the innate idealism of the people burst into premature flower. Its fruit was cruelly cut down; but it is beginning to swell again under the evident pressure of the fact that while the Russian autocracy is powerless to win this war, the Russian people can and will.

A GREAT TRANSLATION.

"The Paradise of Dante Alighieri." Translated by CHARLES LANCELOT SHADWELL, D.C.L. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net.)

DR. SHADWELL'S "Purgatorio," long ago introduced by Walter Pater, has gradually achieved something like fame among students and serious readers of Dante; most of them must have read it, or some of it, with keen curiosity at least, and many no doubt with enthusiasm. Probably, however, at the end of it, the majority have wondered whether Dr. Shadwell could "keep it up"; and this feeling, and the fact that it is quite a natural feeling, have somewhat hindered the version from taking its place as a "standard" translation. For the most conspicuous feature of the translation is its metre; each three-line unit or "terzina" of the original is turned into a four-line stanza in English, and a stanza, at that, of obvious difficulty, calling for an unusual degree of fine and rigorous artifice. This is the stanza of Marvell's famous "Horatian Ode," a unit admirably terse and pointed, and so suited to the unrivalled concision and thrusting directness of Dante's style, but plainly not, on the face of it, apt for prolonged continuous non-lyrical use, having, in fact, a tendency to regulated jerkiness, which must be cunningly disguised if the metre is to answer to the majestic steady onset of Dante's hendecasyllabic lines. The success of Dr. Shadwell's "Purgatorio" might well, therefore, seem rather in the nature of an imposing flash-in-the-pan; and Dr. Shadwell himself appeared to confirm this by calling his version on the title-page "an experiment." But here now is the "Paradiso"; Dr. Shadwell has "kept it up." The translation is still called an "experiment"; but, with two-thirds of the "Commedia" accounted for, that term seems too modest a description. It may be said without further preface that the publication of Dr. Shadwell's "Paradiso" is an event of first-rate importance to the history of English Dantesque scholarship, and still more of our artistic appreciation and spiritual understanding of Dante. It brings out, better than any previous translation, and immeasurably better than any commentary could possibly do, certain capital characteristics of Dante's poetic nature. Anyone who has no Italian, and wishes to make out what Dante the poet is and does, should make a point of reading Dr. Shadwell's "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso"; and the same may be said of nine-tenths of those who have a considerable deal of Italian. It is a mark of a good translation that it will prove as welcome and interesting (though for somewhat different reasons) to those who already know the original as to those who are in ignorance.

Dr. Shadwell calls his "Paradiso," as he called his "Purgatorio," "an experiment in literal verse translation." Reading his verses side by side with the Italian, it will not be long before we conclude that "literal" must be peculiarly interpreted. It would be a good thing if there were as recognized a scale for the condition of translations as there is for the condition of eggs. Apart from our universally recognized scale of values, an innocent person might not deduce from the mere terms the decided actual difference in quality between "fresh eggs" and "new-laid eggs"; while a very innocent person might conceivably be taken in by "eggs." So we might recognize a similar scale for translations: namely, "translation," "literal translation," and "word-for-word translation." "Translation," we might agree, would signify that the matter of a poem had been absorbed by the translator and given out again in any manner that happened to suit his convenience, the form, intellectual or artistic, not necessarily corresponding with, still less imitating, the form of the original. Thus Fitzgerald's "Omar" gives us the essential stuff and imitates the external form of the original, while completely recasting and refining its intellectual form. And again, Carey's "Dante" gives

us the whole of the subject-matter, with most that is reproducible of its intellectual shape, and even some equivalence of diction, while profoundly altering the whole result by fitting it into a quite different and unequivalent form—Miltonic blank verse. Dr. Shadwell's versions of the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso" may serve as instances of "literal translation"; and, apart from cribs for schoolboys, "word-for-word translation" may be typified in Browning's terrifying "Agamemnon." This scale, however, unlike the scale for eggs, has no gradations in value. As a crib, "word-for-word translation" is the thing; as an artistic effort it is usually nothing. But artistically, there is nothing to choose between just "translation" and "literal translation" in principle; it all depends on the translator, whereas eggs do not depend on the hen. Thus in artistic value—by which we mean the value the two versions have as poems on their own account, in their own right, without any reference to their original—Carey's "Dante" is better or worse than Dr. Shadwell's merely as Carey is better or worse at English poetry than Dr. Shadwell. On the whole, Carey is probably the better poet; for anyone who wants simply poetic entertainment Carey's "Dante" may be advised. But for anyone who wants to get an impression in English of what Dante is in Italian, unquestionably Dr. Shadwell's version, the "literal translation," is to be recommended. All translation is necessarily incomplete; but Carey's translation is not only incomplete, it is in important matters misleading. Carey not simply fails to give an impression of the movement and music of Dante's thought, he actually gives quite the wrong impression. And it is just here that Dr. Shadwell notably succeeds. Not much inferior to Carey as an English poet, as a reproducer of Dante he is most decidedly superior; and chiefly because, owing to his peculiar choice of metre, he does manage to convey, not an imitation, but an equivalent impression, of the way Dante's thought becomes a characteristic movement in language, as well as a characteristic compound of verbal significance.

What, then, does "literal translation" mean in this special sense, as the something half-way between just "translation" and "word-for-word translation"? A short instance will clear the matter best. Invoking his "Pegasean Goddess" for aid in describing certain "sacred creatures" of his vision, Dante in a well-known passage says:—

"Illustrami di te, sì ch' io rilevi
Le lor figure com' io l'ho concette;
Paia tua possa in questi versi brevi."

This becomes, in Dr. Shadwell's version:—

"Fill me with thee, that so I may
After my power their shape display,
And let thy light supreme
On these brief verses stream."

The middle line of the *terzina* is straightforward: "after my power" is pretty well what Dante means by "sì ch' io l'ho concette." The interesting thing is to see how Dr. Shadwell handles the first and the third lines. "Fill me with thee," is evidently weak for "Illustrami di te"; on the other hand, "And let thy light supreme . . . stream" is a good deal stronger than "Paia tua possa." But putting the complete English quatrain beside the Italian *terzina*, there is, whole for whole, an almost precise equivalence of meaning and of force; and the preservation of this equivalence from unit to unit we may take as the mark of "literal" translation. What Dr. Shadwell has had to take away in one place he has exactly put back again in another; for clearly the sense of "light streaming" is directly derived from the conspicuous word "illustrami," while the sense of "possa" is sufficiently given, as an epithet, by "supreme." And the equivalence in verbal force is only the half of the whole equivalence. It will be seen how precisely, in this case, the *terzina* goes into the quatrain. The effect of this in a single instance is not specially remarkable; but it is the persistent continuity of this effect that is perhaps the most remarkable thing about Dr. Shadwell's translation. The obvious difference in movement between Marvell's quatrain and Dante's *terzina* has been already mentioned; and it has not been always possible to disguise the difference. But Dr. Shadwell's choice of this measure is not a mere oddity like Dr. Mackail's choice of the Omar Quatrain for Homer. Very far from it; the rigorous rhyming, and the plain recurrent pattern of the lines—each

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quatrain closed as the *terzina* is closed, or running on as the *terzina* runs on—wonderfully convey, though without imitating, the way Dante's thought moves in a progression of formal, balanced, self-contained units; a movement not only missed, but falsified, by translation into paragraphic blank verse—and blank verse which is not paragraphic is half-dead.

This discovery of an equivalent movement in English for the Italian movement is the secret of Dr. Shadwell's success—we might well say, triumph: the achievement in mere rhyming is itself a triumph. Moreover, the verse chosen itself insists on the terse concision, the sharp phrasing, that Dante demands. But there is no such thing as an ideal translation. We cannot help finding some compensatory disadvantage in the metre; its convenience must sometimes be considered before the requirement of the original. Thus, in the verse:—

"Into the Rose's golden bound,
That faileth not, but spreads around,
Scattering its praises sweet,
The vernal Sun to greet."

The skilful rearrangement of verbal meanings has not prevented a moment of extraordinary poetry from becoming ordinary; and the chief reason is that Dante's irresistible phrase "*redole odor di lode*" has been turned into the feeble "Scattering its praises sweet," entirely, as we can see, to suit the external convenience of metre and rhyme. An idea doubly conveyed by verb and substantive (*redole* and *odor*) cannot be adequately expressed by the lower vigor of one adjective (*sweet*). And if there his versification makes Dr. Shadwell say far less than Dante says, here it makes him say far more, with equal weakening:—

"And when my eyelids' sockets drank
The mixture, and I left my rank . . ."
(*E sì come di lei bevve la gronda
Delle palpebre mie . . .*).

A sentence, comparatively straightforward in its sublime context, has become merely quaint and puzzling. We know what the "mixture" is, though there is no mixture in Dante, and "drinking the mixture" has a wrong connotation; but what is "and I left my rank"? "Rank" must be "rankness," not position. But whatever it is, it is not in Dante; it is the rhyme's convenience advising quaintness where Dante asks for splendor—unfortunately, in perhaps the most splendid elevation of all poetry. These are examples. This particular artistic mistake of yielding too much to the versification does not occur very often; but one notices it when it does occur. One notices it, because the versification is so evidently exacting that one is on the look out for it exacting, and getting, too much. It is one of the special things to Dr. Shadwell's credit that the exactions of his metre are so generally answered in a way that also satisfies Dante. Still more unusual are lapses for which the metre is not responsible; and they are usually accidents, so to speak, to single words, as when "*tintinno*" becomes "tinkling," and a passage of exquisite sweetness is thereby infected with triviality.

Dr. Mackail contributes to this volume an introduction full of fine understanding, worthy to stand beside Pater's introduction to Dr. Shadwell's earlier volume. Something which this admirable essay says reminds us of a further, a special function to be performed by a version of the "*Paradiso*." What that colossal poem is and means cannot truly be known until it is accepted by the mind as a simple whole, a vast structural unity. That is a truism, no doubt, for all great poems; but worth insisting on in the case of the "*Paradiso*," for it is by no means easy to know it as a whole. Its detail is so dazzling and complex, that apprehension easily loses itself there; the poem is read from moment to moment, as a chain of wonders. But in no poem is the detail so suffused by the spirit of the whole unity; you do not miss a good part of the poem, you miss the poem itself, if you only read it for its detail. Before the "*Paradiso*" can be said to have been truly read, it must, therefore, at least once have been read rapidly. We must refer to Dr. Mackail's essay for the development of this considerable point. What we wish to say here is that most English readers must find their abilities formidably taxed both by the prodigiously elaborated detail and by the difficulties of Italian, when they try to read the "*Paradiso*"

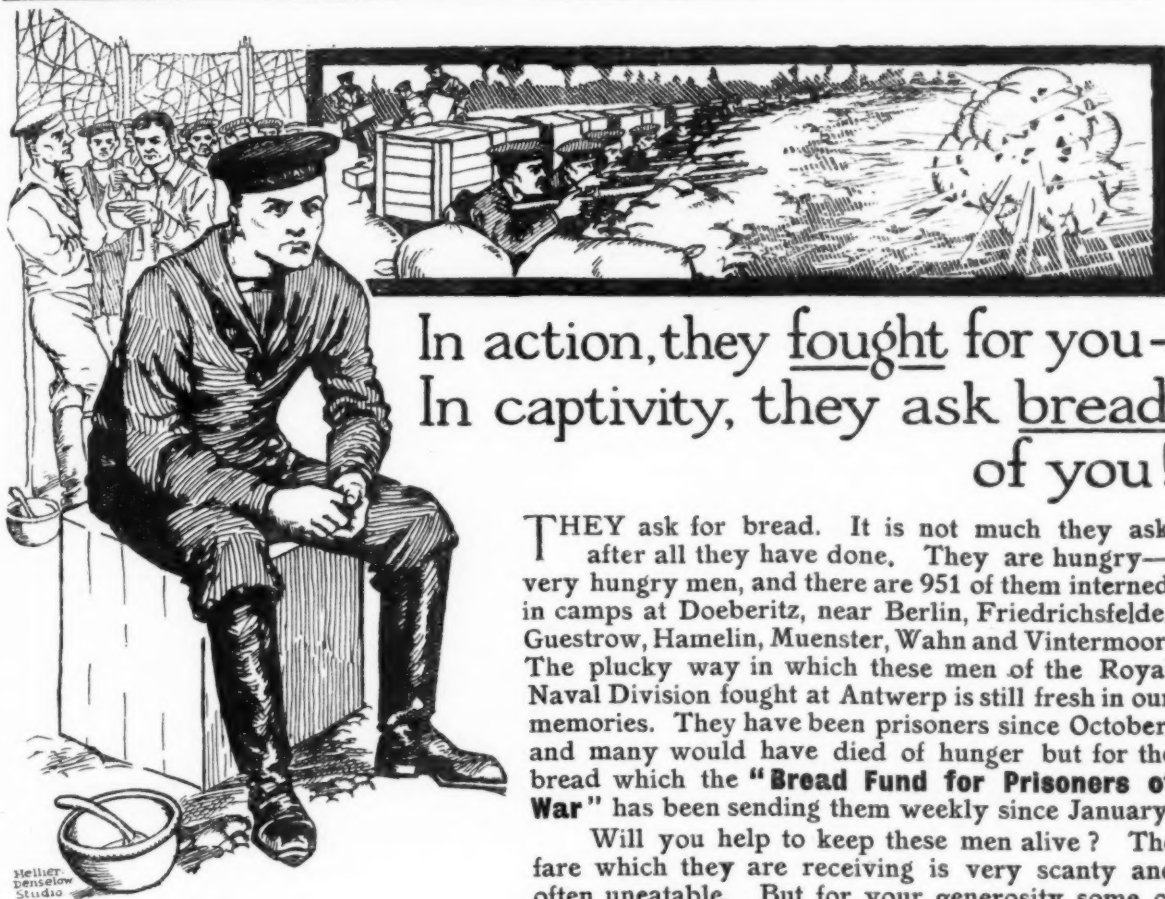
rapidly enough to take it in as a simple unity. It is probably better for them, in this special connection, to read it in a good translation; they may reasonably suppose it will be easier to read it quickly and unhesitatingly there. It will be easier so to read it in Dr. Shadwell's version; but not, it must be admitted, very much easier. It is sometimes difficult to make out what Dr. Shadwell's lines mean, and sometimes still more difficult to make out how they mean what Dante means. This is not unnatural; the obscurities of Dante would be hard to put into plain prose; to fit them into a rigorous pattern of rhymed lines, preserving the constant equivalence of four lines to three, must inevitably sometimes darken our darkness. Most translators may be trusted to tell us, roughly perhaps, what Dante means; we must occasionally refer to Dante to see what Dr. Shadwell means. Nevertheless, though this plainly makes his version less suited for rapid reading than some others, it is very much more common to find him vividly illuminating Dante; and as a closely equivalent version not only of Dante's thought but of the rhythm of Dante's thought, Dr. Shadwell's "*Paradiso*" may confidently be called unrivalled.

AN UNSECRET DIPLOMAT.

"The Secret Memoirs of Count Hayashi." Edited by A. M. POOLEY. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

SUPPOSE some great European diplomat, let us say, Prince Bülow, or M. Delcassé, or M. Isvolsky or any other of a small group, were to die this year; and suppose that at once after his death there began to appear in the public prints autobiographical notes telling frankly and in detail the diplomatic history of the last few years. We should then have a fairly exact parallel to the extraordinary character of Baron Hayashi's action in arranging for the posthumous publication of these memoirs. Baron Hayashi died on July 10th, 1913. A fortnight later, his old organ, the "*Jiji Shimpō*," began to publish a series of articles that were attributed to the late statesman, and headed "*History of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance*." The negotiation of that Alliance, when he was Ambassador in London, was Hayashi's greatest achievement. Translations of these articles were published in England, and were fully discussed at that time. Further publication of the memoirs was stopped by the Japanese police, but Mr. Pooley, who was then Reuter's correspondent in Tokio, obtained the full manuscript, or a copy of it, and it is this more complete version that he now publishes and edits. Hayashi seems to have had in mind a full history of modern Japanese diplomacy; but several portions are merely fragmentary, and there are big gaps. The greater portion of the memoirs are taken up with the story of the alliance with England. Other chapters deal with the periods of Hayashi's Foreign Secretaryships. One very illuminating chapter discusses the general ethics of Japan's treatment of China. Though there is nothing very startling in the new matter, it is well to have these memoirs in permanent form. This world-war has put everything into the melting-pot, and Far Eastern affairs are not likely to escape the general dissolution. Much that is now happening in China, and more that is going to happen ere long—e.g., the present rumors of an impending Russo-Japanese Alliance—will become much more intelligible to the ordinary reader in the light of Count Hayashi's diplomatic reminiscences.

As an "indiscretion" these memoirs are unique in the history of diplomacy, but Hayashi's action was deliberate, and not merely egotistical. Considerable pains had been taken by him to ensure publication after his death. Hayashi's motives were probably twofold. As Foreign Minister he had been opposed and thwarted by the dominant military caste. His work at the Foreign Ministry had been branded with failure. It is easy to suppose that he chose this method of rehabilitating himself in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, and at the same time that he had hopes of undermining his opponents by an appeal to public opinion. All through his diplomatic career, Hayashi had been a believer in publicity. Not that he had any desire for "democratic control," as we call it, but that he fully realized the force of popular prejudice, and the importance, to a diplomat, of moulding and using that prejudice. The



In action, they fought for you—
In captivity, they ask bread
of you!

THEY ask for bread. It is not much they ask after all they have done. They are hungry—very hungry men, and there are 951 of them interned in camps at Doeberitz, near Berlin, Friedrichsfelde, Guestrow, Hamelin, Muenster, Wahn and Vintermoor. The plucky way in which these men of the Royal Naval Division fought at Antwerp is still fresh in our memories. They have been prisoners since October, and many would have died of hunger but for the bread which the "Bread Fund for Prisoners of War" has been sending them weekly since January.

Will you help to keep these men alive? The fare which they are receiving is very scanty and often uneatable. But for your generosity some of these brave men may perish.

We know that their condition is pitiable and their need urgent. Exchanged Prisoners of War belonging to the R.A.M.C. who have recently returned to England, tell of the hunger which these men suffer. "The food is as bad as it ever was, and they are living on the parcels from England," writes a Captain, while a Sergeant says "The bread that is being sent out to the prisoners is absolutely essential." These men know, for they shared for months the same hardships which the men left behind at Doeberitz are still enduring.

The Bread which is being sent out by the "Bread Fund for Prisoners of War" is specially prepared white bread, and the men who have received it have written to say that "it is very good bread, and arrives in splendid condition." It is prepared in such a way that it keeps in excellent condition for several weeks.

The Hon. Secretary has received from the Prisoners of War interned at the Camps mentioned above many expressions of grateful appreciation, and she will be pleased to answer any questions about the camps and the need of the men which any Subscriber may wish to ask.



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German Foreign Office has always taken care to have public opinion with it, and in this respect Hayashi's diplomacy was Teutonic. At all events, he was far from being obsessed with a belief in secrecy for secrecy's sake. Mr. Pooley says of him that he "was the first Japanese statesman to realize and utilize the power of the *fudo* (pen-brush)." In his early diplomatic days at Peking he was responsible for the premature publication, in the "North China Daily News," of the famous Cassini Convention, and few newspaper "scoops" have had such great consequences. He was the real foreign editor behind the scenes of the "Jiji Shimpō," and wrote a great number of anonymous articles for that paper. There is a quaint passage in these memoirs about public opinion. He writes:

"The public in Japan is rather cool in its interest in foreign affairs, indeed, I would almost say that it is indifferent. When, however, something happens that forces the public to pay some attention to foreign affairs, then at once the public seems to get intoxicated, as though drunk with alcohol, and it behaves as if it were not able to discriminate, just as an intoxicated person cannot tell the difference between *sake* and water."

This, by the way, is not a Japanese peculiarity. In another passage that is well worth quotation, he bitterly reproaches the Japanese Plenipotentiary at Portsmouth for not "working" the American press, and incidentally pays a tribute to a famous English journalist:—

"When the negotiations were proceeding at Portsmouth, it was Dr. Dillon who controlled the American press for the benefit of de Witte. At that time most of the prominent British and American correspondents, who had collected at Portsmouth, had gone there inclined to be in favor of Japan.

"Dr. Dillon used these men to publish the real existing state of affairs without any reserve whatever. . . . He always stated the exact position of affairs. On the Japanese side, on the other hand, nothing was done like this. True, there was a member of the Japanese Foreign Office staff attached to the Peace Commission, and it was supposed to be his duty to receive the newspaper men. In fact, he had nothing else to do but that. But he made his principal task the denying of every statement which might appear.

"In view of my experience in diplomacy, I considered that such a course was a matter for the greatest regret. Comparing the action of the two sides at Portsmouth as regards the press, it was only natural that the umpire's fan was pointed at Japan from the very outset of the negotiations, and she was never able to recover from the unsatisfactory press position into which she allowed herself to fall—a position which was principally due to the fact that the Japanese authorities preserved far too much silence as to the progress of the negotiations."

It cannot be said that Mr. Pooley, who contributes a long and excellent political introduction and a useful series of footnotes, is an unprejudiced editor. He has his own views on Japanese policy, and expresses them frankly. In so far as it is his purpose to dispel the "romantic halo" that the popular mind is supposed to have put around the Alliance, he is clearly justified by the memoirs themselves. They gave quite a jolt to many sentimentalists at the time that they were published in the press. But Mr. Pooley does not betray any excessive realism himself when he denounces the Alliance, root and branch, and exclaims that the "ethics of bushido make no distinction between the 'ways which are dark and the tricks which are vain,' that there is no affection for us in Japan, and that what Japan is out for is the virtual subjugation of China, 'the supremacy of the Far East and the hegemony of Asia.'" The sober truth is, of course, that Japan's international morals are no worse than any other country's; that her statesmen, like those of Europe, are guided purely by considerations of national self-interest; that there is no earthly reason why the Japanese should nourish any particular affection for us or for any other foreign people; that Japan's ambitions and interests are concerned entirely with the future development of China, a country as rich in resources as the North American continent, whose fortunes are as vitally important to Japan as that of the nations bordering on the North Sea is to us; that in any case Japan's ambitions in China are necessarily conditioned by the existence of ourselves and other Great Powers; and that, in short, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was an eminently practical and useful arrangement, and has not ceased to be so for both nations.

NEWSPAPER NUMBERS.

"The European War, 1914-1915. Poems." By CANON RAWNSLEY. (The Century Press. 2s. net.)

It is a truism that the development of war from a dilettante art into a national business, from armour and caparisons to khaki and cartridge belts, from chivalry and the trained mercenary to the conscript, corresponds to a decline in the quality of martial poetry. The interference of the factory in modern war has quashed its spurious romance, as it has quashed genuine romance in other fields of human activity. Kipling, it is true, discovered a new romance in soldiering, but he avoided the commonplace and the banal by substituting the racy colloquialism. But with the passing of this last exploitation, poetry can assuredly no longer pasture on the battlefield. Its end has come; its spavined muse is taken away in the newspaper cart to die.

Now, Canon Rawnsley's new volume is a typical example of the stalled Fleet Street muse. It has been achieved by a process, not of eschewing the commonplace, but of emphasizing it, idealizing it. With its catapult of tricks—rhetoric, a jaunty rhythm, the capital letter, vague apostrophes, declamation, the familiar phrasing of sounding formulae, it throws the commonplace in your teeth. It uses the poetic vehicle, not as a revelation, but as an advertisement; it substitutes the nebulous phrase for the detailed meaning, and it attempts to elevate and to twist that phrase into a sensational effect. Naturally, you cannot do that with impunity. Your liberties with language, particularly with metrical language, which demands the significant adjustment of thought to its content, will find you out. And so it happens that the war poem, which aims at imparting a bracing, oxygenating quality to the reader, so often achieves precisely the opposite, bathos, the prone *cliché*, and, not infrequently, the grotesque. Everything is against the war poem—even names and attributes. How is the poet to make poetry out of "Jack Tars," dreadnoughts, submarines, munitions, offensives, strategy, high-explosives, periscopes, and communication-trenches?

Nor can Canon Rawnsley, who represents the average newspaper lyric with singular aptitude, escape these consequences. His verse can be more or less divided into three sections—the dramatization of deeds of individual valour, rhetorical addresses, and comparisons between the quietism of Nature and the tornado of human warfare. The first of these methods tries him most hardly, because not being prepared to go so far as Kipling, and, at the same time, emulating his note, he rather reminds us of a rustic yokel in a London music-hall. For instance, in "The Bridge-Breakers":—

"He fell; with magnificent daring
Ten others the task did essay,
Their souls into glory are faring,
Their bodies a sacrifice stay.

"But fearless, through bullet-storm flying,
One still the adventure will dare;
He died, but he smiled in his dying,
For he heard the bridge roar into air."

The deed was magnificent, but the rhymed version of it is not poetry. Or from "Off to the War":—

"There is never a drum to be heard,
No banners are waved in the wind,
But the heart of the village is stirred,
The city has made up its mind."

A stirring catch! Or:—

"For now or never is the day to stem the foemen's tide,
So join the fray, 'tis death to stay; decide, decide, decide."

Which is very well as a recruiting poster, but— Elsewhere a touch of the archaic throws up the vividness of the scene:—

"Then out and spake our captain bold,
'Albeit no Teuton, lads, by birth,
Against such human need I hold
My life of little worth.'"

We can hear the captain saying it! Nor is the line:—

"When Beattie put to sea to anticipate their game,"

such as to move one like a trumpet. And most people would prefer the following in cool prose rather than in heady verse:—

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U.S.

"The surly Germans, driven back
From point to point their wounded bare,
Till, cowering in a cul-de-sac,
They sudden raised their hands in air."

In his other two methods Canon Rawnsley forces us to an analogy with those versifiers who can be exhumed from any eighteenth-century miscellany. Thus:—

"But this I know, that all the way
I saw my sister's face of joy,
And heard the proud 'Auld Reekie' say,
'God bless our Scottish boy.'"

And:—

"Send him victorious!—London's millions heard,
'Send him victorious!—Thames took up the tone
And bore its strains to an exultant sea."

Or:—

"The people prayed, and ever from the lips,
Of those fierce servants—the field of pain,
Their loud amens with punctuation rose."

These and such usages as "What time the galaxy?" and so on are the stock-in-trade of the poet who, turning his back upon the hard and steep path of poetic endeavor, glides down the abstract, slippery *diché* to destruction.

THIS HAPPY BREED.

"The Spirit of England." By the Right Hon. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. (Smith, Elder. 5s. net.)

THE Minister of Arts, about whose appointment we used to dream and quarrel, would have had no occasion to call for a man, or men, of push and go to secure an adequate output of printed matter in support of the Allies' cause. Books begotten of the war, and the small fry of booklets, pamphlets, leaflets, multiply unceasingly, every one of them destined to cheer or sadden the unborn historian of thought, who takes all folly within his province. Some deplore our past, some prematurely mourn our future. The worst squander their own energy and sap other people's by belaboring our present.

Criticism has not yet had time to go far with the salutary task of placing war literature in its proper perspective. A few pieces of work seem to us already to be visibly outstanding from the rest: Mr. Headlam's among the serious histories, Mr. Hueffer's witty and passionate invective, the pamphlets and articles of Mr. Fisher and Professor Murray. The papers which Mr. G. W. E. Russell has collected and revised after their first appearance in the "Daily News" are, so far as our own reading has extended, comparable with Mr. Arnold Bennett's articles in the same newspaper as the best records of the contemporary thought and spirit of England immersed in war.

In his dignified prose, which even now disdains to borrow from the French, Mr. Russell gives us an interpretation of the national temper by a Christian who distrusts Establishment, a Liberal for whom (notwithstanding the dedication of the book to the Minister of Munitions) Gladstone is still a creed, a man of letters whose memories return to Arnold and Tennyson and the giants that were in those days. It is this tenacity of faith which invests his writings with a kind of permanence. We trust a man so strong in his own professions when he tells us that his country is stable, and therefore excels. The book is well arranged to give weight to this impression; it opens and closes with recollections of 1815. "When I was young," says Mr. Russell,

"I sedulously cultivated old society. Thus it came to pass that I, who was born in 1853, have talked to people who vividly remembered the French War of 1793-1815. Clapham Common is a place of peaceful associations, but Marianne Thornton, the last survivor of the 'Clapham Sect,' could remember Hannah More, as they walked together across the Common, exclaiming: 'Thank God, the wind has changed, and it will be dead in 'Boney's' teeth when his flotilla tries to cross.'"

In his last chapter he reproduces a selection from the headlines of an "official" paper in March, 1815, which could hardly be outdone by the living opportunists whose agility we admire:—

"The Ogre has come out of his cave."

"The Tyrant has passed through Lyons."

"Bonaparte is advancing by forced marches."

"Napoleon will be under our walls to-morrow."

"The Emperor has arrived at Fontainebleau."

"His Imperial and Royal Majesty yesterday took up his residence at the Tuileries, amid the rejoicings of his faithful subjects."

But the alloy of baseness, which no crisis can utterly transmute, is not the main subject of Mr. Russell's studies. He prefers to point rather to the deep meaning suddenly apparent in some sacred or secular anniversaries—St. Crispin's Day, All Saints and All Souls, Christmas, the Turn of the Year, and the Easter Day which found us still not within sight of the end. With admirable quotations and reflections, this journalist in the true sense brings to mind the thought which is sufficient for the day. The speech of Henry V. reveals a lesson not, as Mr. Russell curiously says, "undreamed of at Agincourt," but twice learned by Englishmen in France whom five centuries divide and unite:—

"He to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accurst they were not here."

All Souls' Day, not wholly uncommemorated in Protestant Oxford, as he omits to mention, brings to his mind the dead men in whom heroism suddenly blossomed:—

"The souls that were not saints—to whom no special gifts were allotted, who were called to no high prerogatives of martyrdom or confessorship; men of like passions with ourselves; as foolish, as fallible, as sorely tempted, as powerless to resist."

Christmas stirs him with the urgency of the problem of evil, and leads on to the exposition, in another paper, of the war as a discipline and a judgment, and to one theory of doubtful value:—

"If we are to profit by the discipline, we must inquire into the causes which brought it on us. They are not, I think, very far to seek. Some are national offences, such as uncleanness, gambling, drunkenness, commercial immorality, disregard of Sunday, interference with the divine law of population; and these are too obvious to need more than a mention."

On New Year's Day he contrasts the naive personal thoughts of Pepys or Delane with "the larger and more fateful issues" that pressed upon us at the close of 1914.

We have chosen to dwell rather upon passages which may show Mr. Russell in a new aspect, than upon the accustomed graces of his style or the copious variety of his anecdotes. But his faithful readers will find here all that they have been wont to enjoy in him: the sound view, the light touch, which might be of lasting benefit to less-balanced writers, in "War and Language," and "John Bull and Jeremiah"; the humor enlivening the political philosophy of "An Innocent Offence" or "Unity and Diversity"; the gentle satire of "Economy," surely the mildest and the most winning appeal ever breathed into the impersonal ear of a Press Bureau.

THE SOCIAL DOCUMENT.

"Rank and Riches." By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"Oliver." By B. PAUL NEWMAN. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"A Far Country." By WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Macmillan. 6s.)

WE have had occasion more than once to arraign the modern novel for its lack of artistic purpose—for its lack of any kind of purpose whatever. The significance of the novel as an art-form, as a metaphysic, has been neglected to such an extent that the novel is rapidly superseding the impressionist sketch as the line of least resistance for literary aspirants. The novel, one feels, ought, at its best, to approximate to a cathedral and, at its average, to a chapel, so complex is its architecture and so ample its resources. Instead of which it has become a jerry-built villa, with all the consequences of sacrificing design and utility to expedience and a stereo-

FURNESS, WITHY & CO. LTD.

THE twenty-fourth annual meeting of this company was held at the registered office, Royal Liver Building, Liverpool, on the 24th inst.

The Right Hon. Lord Furness (Chairman of the Company) presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said the fact that they met in Liverpool and not in West Hartlepool gave the key to what would be the dominant note of his speech. It had been a year of change. The very large development of their trading interests in and with the American continent, indicated that it would be of considerable advantage to the undertaking were its headquarters placed in Liverpool. The step was not adopted without much thought and consideration, but the benefits were already very manifest to everybody concerned in the working of the business.

He thought they had every reason to be gratified with the results of the year, since the profits showed an increase of £32,619 5s. 3d. More than 50 per cent. of the company's fleet had for some time been, and still was, upon Government business, so that they were withheld from profiting by freight rates to anything like the same extent as shipowners, whose whole fleets were engaged in tramp business. The balance-sheet showed cash in hand and bills, with amounts owing to them as debts, at £1,157,593 14s. 7d., compared with £953,649 2s. 6d. in respect of the same items at the close of the previous period—an increase of £203,944 12s. 1d. On the other hand, their liability in respect of bills and open accounts figured out at £1,077,605 3s. 6d., a decrease of £51,328 4s. 9d. The position was, therefore, £255,272 10s. 10d. better than a year ago.

Their American business had shown substantial development. The construction of the new wharf and warehouse at St. John's, Newfoundland, had been completed, and the acquisition of those properties very much increased the efficiency of that particular branch of their business. At the last annual general meeting mention was made of the formation of the Furness-Houlder Argentine Lines, Ltd., and in the course of the year an issue of £500,000 First Mortgage Five per Cent. Debentures was made, with very satisfactory results. Three-fifths of the capital of this concern was owned by the British and Argentine Steam Navigation Co. Ltd., the whole of whose capital belonged to them, while the remaining two-fifths was held by Houlder Brothers & Co. Ltd.—an important undertaking in which they were very largely interested. At the present time the entire refrigerated tonnage which they controlled was serving the country and its Allies. While the capital so employed was not giving them a return in revenue at all commensurate with the rates of freight ruling on ordinary merchandise, the directors realised, with a feeling of satisfaction, that the company was rendering some service in an important direction. They had acquired interests in a very old-established Irish company—the British and Irish Steam Packet Co. Ltd. In consequence of the congestion in shipping at Liverpool and London, they had inaugurated an additional service from New York to Cardiff, as a means of increasing the facilities for bringing supplies to this country. The results of this service had been very satisfactory.

In common with many other shipping concerns, they had sustained some losses in their fleet through the activities of enemy submarines. The steamers "Mobile," "Queen Wilhelmina," and "Tunisiana" had been sunk—the first-named during the last financial year, and the other two in May and June, respectively. The losses, whether as to hull or cargo, were covered by insurance, and there was, happily, no loss of life. Two vessels—the "Portinglis" and "Fernandina"—had been out of commission since the outbreak of war, the former being interned in Bremen and the latter held up in a Russian Baltic port. Both vessels were covered by insurance. It was a most anxious time for all those employed in the mercantile service, and he was sure it would be a pleasure for the shareholders to know that the directors had allocated the sum of £10,000 for division among the masters, officers, and engineers of the fleet, in recognition of the extra strain they were called upon to endure.

The balance-sheet and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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typed formula. Even the more rebellious types of the realist have dealt with its material as an invoice rather than as a summary; it will have its pound of flesh, but not one ounce of civet to sweeten its parochial imagination.

Now, as it happens, all these four novels owe something of their vitality to the tonic of an intention. Mr. Marshall's book, for instance, is an attempt to estimate the conflict between the landed proprietary of the old feudalism and the new finance. Armitage Brown, the "keen, masterful financier," acquires the property of Kemsale from Lord Meadshire, and upsets his neighbors with his up-to-date methods of making a profit out of the land. The conflict is not by any means a clash; of plot or climax to throw the situation into emphatic relief there is none, and Mr. Marshall's unbiassed attitude of seeing the best in both parties does not make for a dramatic contrast of values. "Rank and Riches" is, indeed, curiously formal in its mechanism; characters, situations, and dialogues are introduced and set in elaborate terms; the financial, parasitic, and titled figures move from incident to incident with the deliberation of chessmen. Then the war, a god from the machine, indeed, with no apparent relevance to the contest, intervenes, and there is a general post of reconciliations.

"Oliver" is a sincere attempt to outline the impulses and motives of a boy and man, naturally refined, sensitive, and intelligent, but inclined to egoism, slyness, and self-indulgence. It is not by any means a subtle study, because Oliver Grimwood, who cheats at school and gets entangled with a Yellow Book set of silly dilettante artists, is very inadequate material for the play of moral forces. Oliver has an unfortunate marriage with Ethel Henning, who achieves the hypocrisy of self-interest far more effectively than he does. On her death, Oliver devotes himself to the education of his son Roland, who, to his pleasure, but hardly to our æsthetic satisfaction, reaches such a pitch of athletic, moral, and intellectual perfection that he actually gets a patriotic poem into the newspapers. Here again the war breaks in, to speed up a conclusion which otherwise was drifting into a highly conventional felicity. Oliver is killed on the way to see his wounded son, by charging in his motor through a squad of Uhlans. It is his spiritual redemption; but we should have preferred a less fortuitous and external one.

Mr. Churchill's latest book is of stronger calibre and of larger and more ambitious scope. Like a good many other American novels, "A Far Country" tends to get its effects by the helter-skelter method of accumulation, to diffuse its energies in driving a point home, to have recourse to a rather feverish style, to neglect balance and proportion, and to discuss its characters rather than to reveal them. But, granted these deficiencies, Mr. Churchill has written a convincing and poignant piece of work, and one, too, electrified by a consistent, unequivocal, and speculative philosophy. The story is concerned with the fictitious autobiography of Hugh Paret, who makes a brilliant career for himself in one of the big cities of America as legal adviser to a group of financial monopolists and profiteers and their political henchmen. The portions of the book dealing with Paret's astute chicaneries are of the most minute and subtle interest. Mr. Churchill writes with intimate knowledge, and, indeed, with something of the grasp of intricate detail which Mr. Belloc displays in "Emmanuel Burden," of the alliance between "enlightened self-interest" and "the new business." Nor does he by any means neglect the psychological implications of Paret's profession. He shows him gradually submerged by the material concerns of which he

designed to be the master—his finer impulses thwarted, his egoism fortified, his desire for knowledge, wisdom, and peace of mind sacrificed to the Moloch of "progress." On the other side is Herman Krebs, the democratic visionary, with his passionate quest for truth and his passionate welcome to the new generation. It is a book which, if rather sprawling, naive, and inchoate from the artistic point of view, is charged with a real idealism of purpose, a real attempt to pierce the industrial darkness of America with the torch of ideas, and a real desire to discover the true elements of order and wisdom from out of the present material anarchy.

The Week in the City.

THE week has been marked by the opening of a free market for the War Loan. This took place on Thursday morning. It is to be hoped that the newspaper press will not be too sensitive about the price. A new stock like this is bound to have its ups and downs. It is supposed that about one-third of the loan has been paid for already, and this great financial operation has naturally disturbed the accounts of the banks, so there need be no surprise that their status at the end of this month is not to be published. The fact that Parliament has gone into vacation without voting fresh taxes will probably make it necessary to raise large credits in America for the purpose of financing imports, as the utmost economy in gold cannot be expected to make up for the lack of necessary exports. There can be little doubt that as the autumn advances the stiffness of the problem which confronts Mr. McKenna will be better appreciated. From this point of view it is probably just as well that the Money Market should be under the control of the Bank of England, and that high money and discount rates should be substituted for the artificial plethora which had existed for so many months previous to the great loan.

THE MARKET IN WAR LOAN STOCK.

Dealings in the new $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan began on Thursday in stock "cum rights," that is to say, carrying the right to convert a proportionate amount of Consols, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan, or Annuities in accordance with the options set out in the prospectus. There had been much speculation as to the price at which dealings would begin a few weeks back, when pressure of sales of all kinds of other securities in order to invest the proceeds in the War Loan had produced profound gloom, a price of 97 to 98 was freely prophesied, but a more cheerful tone had ruled later on, and a price of about 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ had been expected. The first bargain recorded was 99 $\frac{1}{4}$, but the price fell when it became evident that anticipations had been correct in foreseeing more sellers than buyers. For this reason there was no haste to begin dealings. Jobbers hesitated to name a price, and some time elapsed before the first bargain was worked. The markings for the first day were not particularly numerous, as there is not a great deal of stock in the hands of allottees at present, and most people have taken up stock with the idea of holding it at least for a time. Dealings in the "ex rights" scrip cannot begin until August 4th, because no stock was to be deposited for conversion until then, and then only in the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan, the books of which close for preparation of the dividend the day before.

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RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS LTD.

THE 14th annual general meeting of this company was held on the 28th inst. at Salisbury House, Finsbury-circus, E.C., Sir Adolph Tuck, Bart., the chairman and managing director, presiding.

In moving the adoption of the report and accounts, the Chairman said that owing to the war, for the first time in the history of their business, dating back nearly half a century, the balance-sheet was on the wrong side. While the gross profits had been curtailed, it was very difficult to reduce expenses, but the Directors had devoted themselves to the preservation and consolidation of the company. Considering the loss of business in Paris and the sequestration of the German business, the wonder was that they should have emerged from the threatening and entirely unprecedented situation with so relatively little loss.

The very causes which had hitherto contributed to their welfare and prosperity—namely, the wide extent of their ramifications—had in the first year of this cruel war led to exactly the opposite results. The parent company in London, their branch houses in Paris, the companies in Berlin, in New York, their agencies everywhere, were stricken as by a blight. The fifty and more travelling men, including the company's representatives in Australia, India, China, Russia, &c., one and all sent disquieting reports about the state of trade, and from that period orders, where they were taken at all, were cut down to the lowest possible dimensions. Cables arrived from customers in the most distant parts of the world, some reducing, others altogether annulling orders taken months previously, and on account of which considerable expenditure had already been incurred by the company. The Chairman afterwards referred to the various departments of the business, and stated that every one of them had been affected in a greater or lesser degree by the unexampled conditions which had prevailed.

It was but fair to point out that the activities of their various departments were not fully evidenced by the actual turnover recorded in the books. The issue by them of "Defenders of the Empire," painted by Mr. Harry Payne, in the first instance in picture form for framing; again, as a "Zag Zaw" picture puzzle; then in a reduced size as a national Christmas card; finally as a picture postcard, were entirely in aid of the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund, and accounted for quite an appreciable amount of time devoted by the respective departments to the service of the nation. The issue of a series of six specially-designed Red Cross postcards in aid of the British Red Cross Fund would, the directors trusted, result in a desirable contribution to that most valuable organization. The staff of Raphael House had, as a matter of course, been depleted by the number of their men who had gone to the Front. Those who remained with them had endeavored to help with all the means within their power, while the Raphael House Women Workers' Guild, under the presidency of Lady Tuck, had already provided many thousands of garments and comforts for the wounded and the fighters at the Front, and would continue its patriotic work till the end of the war. The total amount of the War Loans subscribed for by the company amounted to £15,000.

Respecting the outlook for the future, the first three months of the new financial year were about to expire, and the result so far was reassuring. The turnover was gradually mounting up week by week, and, while it could not be expected to reach its normal level so long as the war continued, he was able to say that they were more than holding their own. His son Desmond, one of the directors, was at the present moment at the Front, where they all hoped he might prove of good service to the country and finally return safe to them.

In concluding, the Chairman called attention to the principal items in the accounts, and said he was sure the shareholders would agree that, with total reserves of £85,000, the company was in a sound financial position. If present indications were maintained, the directors certainly hoped to meet them next year with a different report from that which it had been their lot to submit that day. They had faith in the British Empire and faith in themselves.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in seconding the motion, pointed out that they were only showing a loss because they had cut down their investments to present prices—a difference of £20,000. But for that they would have shown a profit. He believed the figures in the accounts underestimated the position. The British business was as good and sound as it ever had been.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

On the motion of the Vice-Chairman (Mr. Gustave Tuck), Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Desmond Tuck, the retiring directors, were re-elected. The proceedings terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors.

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH CO. LTD.

THE eighteenth ordinary general meeting of this Company was held on the 26th inst. at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, S.W., Senatore G. Marconi, G.C.V.O., LL.D., D.Sc. (the Chairman), presiding.

In moving the adoption of the report and accounts the Chairman said he thought that the statement submitted would be regarded, in all the circumstances, as satisfactory. There was the substantial balance of £232,716 profit carried to the balance-sheet, a marked increase over last year. He did not think the figures needed any further explanation, but, as they knew, they excluded remuneration from the Government for the use of the company's high-power stations since the beginning of the war, and numerous other services which the company had rendered. As no basis for remuneration had yet been settled, they had thought it better to make no estimate of the amount, but had left the whole item to be dealt with in the accounts of the current year. The amount of work which had been done and the services rendered were considerable, and he had very little doubt that the remuneration which would be awarded them in due course would be proportionate to the value of the services. When war broke out wireless-telegraph apparatus was promptly declared contraband of war, and for the time being their work in many parts of the world practically came to a standstill. On the other hand, their factory had been kept fully occupied by war orders for home and abroad. The business of the associated companies had also been much disturbed. The American Company had been deprived of the use of their trans-Atlantic station, but would no doubt receive compensation. Their high-power stations at San Francisco and Hawaii had been completed, and a telegraphic service was being conducted with very satisfactory results. They were awaiting information with regard to the opening of a service through to Japan.

The Canadian Company had continued to make progress, but the changes which had been contemplated had not been carried out owing to the war. The Argentine Company were obliged to defer for the present work upon their high-power station. The Belgian Company continued to conduct its business from Marconi House, under the direction of the English directors of that company, Mr. Godfrey Isaacs and Captain Sankey. The business was progressing satisfactorily, but it had been quite impossible to make up any balance-sheet. The French Company had continued to do a satisfactory business, and had paid for 1914 a dividend similar to that of 1913. The Marconi International Marine Communication Co., Ltd., had continued to show satisfactory progress, although it had not been altogether free from loss directly arising from the state of war. Their Russian Company had a very good year, and had paid a dividend of 15 per cent., as compared with 6 per cent. for 1913. They had a considerable amount of work in hand, and were doing a very satisfactory business. The Spanish Company's negotiations with the Spanish Government, to which he made reference last year, were not facilitated by the outbreak of war. They had, however, continued to make progress, and there was a likelihood of an early and satisfactory termination.

They had played a very important part since the outbreak of war, and had already received more than one letter of appreciation from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty in respect of the work they had done.

The Chairman concluded by saying that, on behalf of his co-directors and himself, he wished again to place on record their high appreciation of the services rendered to the company by the managing director, Mr. Godfrey Isaacs.

Mr. Godfrey C. Isaacs, the managing director, in seconding the adoption of the report, said he joined the company on Mr. Marconi's personal invitation on January 25th, 1910. The company had then an issued capital of £547,299, and practically no cash resources and no credit, and if the Chairman had not obtained a substantial subscription to the Preference issue in Italy the company would have come to an end. To-day they had an issued capital approaching one and a-half millions, and the balance-sheet showed they were in a sound financial position. They had nearly a million sterling to the credit of the general reserve, and also very large assets in the shape of cash and easily realisable securities, while their freehold and leasehold property could be sold at a handsome profit. The reason why the business did not prosper in the first years was because of the German competition, which was aided by a Government subsidy there. However, they had fought that competition successfully.

Within three months of his joining the company it became evident that their future lay in the commercial wireless service. They applied to the Government for the right to erect high-power stations in all British possessions. Unfortunately, the Government did not see their way to grant that. It was regrettable they were not able in 1910 to proceed with the programme. Out of that was born the Imperial Chain, which met with hostile criticism in the House of Commons. The German Government resolved to build a chain of wireless stations in all the German colonies, and the price the German Government paid for them was three times the price their company asked from the British Government.

With regard to the policy for the future, they expected when the war was over there would be much business to be done, and they wanted to be in a strong financial position. In the past five years the net profits shown by the company had been close upon a million sterling.

The report was unanimously adopted.

On the motion of the Chairman, a dividend of 10 per cent., less income-tax, was declared.

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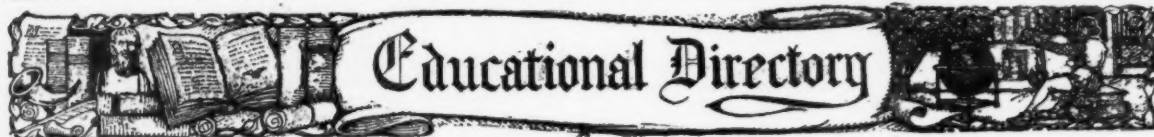
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